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M. THIERS IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER.

It is impossible to read the debates in the French Assembly without coming to the conclusion that a new period in the history of France has begun. The Emperor alone has governed till now, and, indeed, he governs absolutely still; but it is obvious that the time has arrived when he must at least consider the opinions of other men beside the glib and ready Mornys of his creation—the imperious Imperials, who are even more Bonapartist than Bonaparte himself. The Opposition has succeeded in making itself felt in more than one Session now; for this compact little body of independent men happens to count amongst its members some of the most able and eloquent politicians in France. Moreover, they speak the sentiments of Paris—that Paris which not all the brick-and-mortar benefits the Emperor has lavished on her have made more than handsome; for very grateful, or very much blinded to the defaults of her benefactor, she clearly is not: and Paris, we have been reminded by the Imperialists themselves in these same debates, is “the heart and brain of France.” Speaking, then, in the name of this great city, and speaking such sense and eloquence as cannot often be gainsaid by anything more conclusive than the “noise” of prefect-sent

wisdom or the equally obedient bell of President Count de Morny, the Opposition has left its mark on the history of three or four years past, and now is cutting deeper.

MM. Ollivier, Favre, and the rest of the “five,” did much; but this year MM. Berryer and Thiers come in and do more. We see now how just were the apprehensions of the Government at Thiers’s election. To us in England this fear seemed a little absurd in itself, and monstrously impolitic in its manifestation; but we can have no doubt now that the Government was well-informed; if it happened to be misguided. The President who has to keep M. Thiers in order, the Minister who has to answer him, and other official persons down to him whose duty it is to listen in salons and cabarets, probably foresaw that M. Thiers would be insidious enough to carry on the debates of the Chamber as if they really meant something; and that, instead of attacking the Emperor’s policy (which any one can do, and which may always be decried as the fury of “old parties” and the menace of revolution), he would explain it! And this is pretty much what M. Thiers is doing. He goes upon the assumption that the Assembly is not a mere club of men who, either from principle or interest, are bound to say yea to the Emperor’s yea, and no to his no, on all occasions; but

a genuine representative Chamber met to deliberate upon the affairs of the country, as free to advise as to applaud their Sovereign. Now, nothing can be more disastrous to the Emperor’s method of government than this notion, should it spread. To be sure, the theory has been all along what M. Thiers assumes the fact to be; but the gentlemen whom provincial providences send up to the Chamber have shown themselves far too logical to confound theory with practice, and are content to regard their representation of the people as one of those *idées Napoléoniennes* which only a Bonaparte can rightly understand. That is precisely the sort of Legislature which suits the autocrat; it is the only safe one for him. And now here comes M. Thiers, blind to the difference between the theory and the fact, and, what is worse, not only imbued with the belief that he is called to advise and warn the Government, but capable of doing so with exceeding dexterity, exceeding clearness, and all the authority of long years of statesmanship.

Now, suppose his example—and M. Thiers is a safe man to follow—should spread beyond the Opposition? To us it appears likely enough that, even among the horde of placemen called representatives who crowd the Ministerial seats in the Assembly, some few there are who may come to the con-



JOHN LYONS.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

FRANCISCO BLANCO.

MARCELLINO.

BASILIO DE LOS SANTOS.

AMBROSIO DURRANNO.

GEORGES CARLOS.

MIGUEL LOPEZ.

FRANK PAUL, ALIAS RADUCK,
MARCO WATTER.

THE “FLOWERY LAND” PIRATES.—(FROM A SKETCH TAKEN AT THE BOW-STREET POLICE OFFICE.)—SEE “LAW AND CRIME,” PAGE 66.

clusion that they really ought to be a deliberative body, especially when the leaven which M. Thiers has thrown into the debates is seen to work upon the country, as it undoubtedly will if the *Moniteur* continues to print M. Thiers's speeches. But this is expecting too much, perhaps. Nevertheless, political feeling is nowhere so contagious as in France; and whereas Paris and some provincial places have already returned men to represent them because they are adverse to Imperial rule, at future elections we may expect to see the numbers of the Opposition largely increased now that a Parliamentary leader has appeared who is not Republican nor revolutionary, but content that the Emperor should reign so long as he does not insist upon absolute Government. That is the proper rôle for all men in France who wish her well. Mere attacks upon Imperialism, with bold and sarcastic references to coups-d'état and so forth, damage the Emperor no more than they help him. He appeals from them to the dread of revolution which so strongly possesses the country; and to a very great extent they justify, in the minds of "safe and sober" people, those restraints upon liberty which the Emperor is so little inclined to give up. "Rash and revolutionary passions!" With that one phrase the Emperor and his Ministers answer all attacks; and it means so much to the people of France—in love with peace and prosperity as they now are—that the answer is enough for all the eloquence and all the argument of M. Ollivier or M. Favre. The true policy of the Opposition is to take this exclamation out of the mouths of his Majesty's Ministers—or to make it ridiculous, which is far better. Something has been done in that direction already; something accomplished, between the acuteness of M. Thiers and the very rare blundering of the Emperor himself. It was after the statesman-like speeches of M. Thiers, in which he conceded to the Imperial system all that it dare ask, but exposed in a quiet, critical, friendly way, the indecencies, the illegalities, which are no part of the system, but only the abuses of those who work it, regardless of law and morality; it was just after this that the Emperor thought it necessary *himself* to come before the world with that cry of "rash and revolutionary passions!" The occasion was on the presentation of the Cardinal's hat to M. de Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen. In reply to flattering observations from that dignitary, the Emperor expressed his astonishment "to see, at so short an interval, men hardly escaped from shipwreck summon once more the winds and tempests to their aid." That this pathetic remark was made to counteract the effect of M. Thiers's remonstrances nobody can doubt for a moment; and that it will tell upon timid proprietors and prosperous tradesmen all over the country is probable; but even these people will see that, somehow, the answer is no answer on the present occasion. A terrible thing, indeed, if men just escaped from shipwreck do summon the winds and waves once more; but is this summoning the winds and waves? Must there be ruin and bloodshed because a man like M. Thiers, who distinctly gives allegiance to the reigning dynasty, wishes for a little more clearness in the public accounts and a little more morality in electioneering matters? The question is unavoidable; and its existence in the minds of millions of Frenchmen is a greater injury to the régime M. de Morny loves best than anything that has yet come out of the debates of the French Assembly.

The course of the Opposition is clear. M. Thiers has marked it out with admirable shrewdness, and a few days has shown its excellence by the dread it has inspired in the Government and the encouragement amongst the people. Of course, we very much regret that M. Thiers should have shown symptoms of adhesion to old Protectionist ideas; but it may appear by-and-by that this is less a matter of opinion than of policy. Whether that be so or not, all things are not to be determined on free-trade principles. The Emperor and his Ministers may be free-traders to a man, but that gives them no right to exhaust their country in useless wars unquestioned—that is no reason why five sixths of the people's representatives should be selected by the Government, and that the rest should be bullied by M. de Morny.

THE WHITBURN LIFE-BOT of the National Life-boat Institution rescued, a few nights ago, seven men from a Sunderland steam-tug, which was wrecked on the Steel Rock, off Whitburn. The cries of the poor men had, fortunately, been heard by a woman who happened to be out at the time, and the life-boat was instantly launched. The vessel was fast breaking up in the heavy surf, and the crew would soon have perished in the absence of the life-boat.

FATAL DUEL AT MUNICH.—A painful sensation has been caused in Munich by a fatal duel between Counts Sternbach and Hohnstein, which recently took place near Freising, in Bavaria. Sternbach, it is said, was jealous of his young wife, and suspected her of being too partial to his half-brother, Hohnstein, a natural son of the old ex-King of Bavaria, now in Rome. Hohnstein took offence at the other's suspicions, and, instead of expostulating with him and convincing him that they were unfounded, challenged him. The affair was referred, according to one account, to a so-called "court of honour," which, notwithstanding the consanguinity of the adversaries, decided that the duel must take place. They fought at ten paces. The alleged adulterer had the first shot, and sent his bullet straight to the heart of his half-brother. The victim, who was Lieutenant-Colonel of Cuirassiers, and who had the reputation of an excellent officer, leaves one child a year old. The Munich clergy refused to attend the burial of the slain man, and a comrade from the regiment officiated at the grave.

NEW ENGLISH TOWNS.—A single generation since, and the present town of Middleborough on the Tees consisted of but one house. A railway making it a port for the coal shipping trade had raised its population to 7893 at the census of 1851; then came the discovery of the value of the ironstone in the neighbourhood, and the result is that the population now exceeds 23,000. The new town of West Hartlepool has sprung up as in a night; there was no such name in the census returns of 1851, but in 1861 it had 12,603 inhabitants. Aldershot also is a new creation; in 1851 there were not 1000 people in the parish; in 1861 there were 7755, without reckoning the soldiers themselves. The parochial chapel of Birkenhead mustered 200 parishioners in 1821; in 1851 it had 36,212, and the whole borough 51,649. Redhill is the child of the railroad; the "foreign" of Reigate had 3287 inhabitants in 1851, and 7967 in 1861. There were many remarkable instances of growth in the ten years between the census of 1851 and that of 1861. Plumstead trebled its numbers, increasing from 8373 to 24,502, owing mainly to the demand for labour at Woolwich. Oldbury, near West Bromwich, made a like stride from 5114 to 15,615. The parish of Abereide, in the same ten years, saw its population increase from 14,999 to 32,299. Watering-places increase and multiply fast, but cannot keep up with this pace; Torquay, however, doubled its population in the ten years.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

In two out of the three elections which have just taken place in the French provinces the Government have been defeated; in the third their candidate was returned by a large majority. It is worthy of observation that in the latter the Government abstained from all interference, while in the two former they brought the whole weight of their influence to bear in favour of their candidate, which may be regarded as a proof that too much dictation may often defeat its own ends. The present position of the Dano-German question is said to be viewed with no small satisfaction by the Parisians as likely to drag England into a war with Austria and Prussia, whereby those two continental Powers, the principal obstacles to the encroachments of France, will be considerably weakened.

The debates on the address in the Corps Législatif have been continued, the points most contested being free trade and the commercial treaty with England. The ideas propounded and the arguments used were similar to those familiar to the British public during the great free-trade discussions of twenty years since, and show that a portion, at least, of the French legislators are all that time behind us in their knowledge of fiscal policy. Even M. Thiers ranks himself with the Protectionists, who, however, are in a decided minority in the chamber.

SPAIN.

An adverse vote in the Senate, in connection with a bill for constitutional reform, has led to a change of Ministry at Madrid. The new Cabinet does not contain the names of any men known to the outside world as prominent in the politics of Spain.

ITALY.

The Italian Government has published its acceptance of the Emperor Napoleon's scheme for a restricted congress.

The *Diritto*, a Democratic journal of Turin, has published a proclamation from Garibaldi announcing the formation of a committee to promote Italian unity and inviting all Italians to rally round it as a centre of action. The *Diritto* has been seized for publishing the proclamation which is considered illegal, and is to be prosecuted.

The Government have issued a circular encouraging the formation of rifle clubs all over the country.

AUSTRIA.

The Emperor of Austria reviewed on the 18th the officers and men of the execution corps destined for Schleswig, and bade them farewell in a brief address. He admonished them to keep on good terms with their Prussian brothers in arms, and expressed his full confidence that should action become inevitable they would show the courage which always distinguished Austrian troops. The Austrian Ministers, Count Rechberg and Baron Schmerling, have been engaged before the Finance Committee of the Chamber in explaining the policy for the support of which the Government requires funds. The object of Austria is to prevent the struggle now pending from becoming European in its character, as it might do if the extreme members of the Germanic Diet were allowed to take the lead. Austria and Prussia desire it shall merely be a question between Denmark and Germany.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Liberals are about, at the instance of Herr Schultze, to bring forward a resolution in the Lower Chamber declaring that Prussia, in joining with Austria, resisting the decision of the Diet, and taking the Danish question into its own hands, is abusing its position as a great Power and provoking the legitimate resistance of other States, and consequently civil war. In Berlin it is confidently expected that the King will again dissolve the Chambers even before Herr Schultze's vote of censure on the Government comes on for debate.

MEXICO.

Official advices from Vera Cruz announce that the French had entered and dismantled the port of Champoton, on Campeachy Bay. They also sank the Mexican schooner *Raffaella*, which had disturbed the trade of the ports submitted to the French authority. It is reported that General Doblado had given in his adhesion to the French.

JAPAN.

According to advices received at New York from Japan to Dec. 1, a peaceful adjustment of difficulties between the Tycoon and Europeans was expected. The Tycoon is stated to be at war with the Daimios.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

OUR intelligence from New York reaches to the 9th inst. Military operations on a large scale were still suspended, but the Confederates have been making offensive movements in the Shenandoah Valley, and have achieved some successes. A corps of 300 Federals at Jonesville, Virginia, surrendered to the Confederate General Samuel Jones on the 3rd of January. Fifty-seven out of seventy-five Federal cavalry were captured by the Confederates at Rutor-town, Shenandoah Valley, on the 1st inst. The Confederates had also threatened Petersburg and Winchester, but at last accounts they are represented as retiring from these places.

General Joe Johnston was successfully reorganising his army at a point thirty-five miles from Chattanooga, and General Longstreet still held his advantageously chosen position in East Tennessee. It appears that the troops withdrawn from Mississippi and Louisiana having left the greater part of these States ungarrisoned, the Confederates had re-occupied the ground thus abandoned by the Federals.

The State of Georgia was reorganising its militia, under the provisions of a recent Act of its Legislature. All white male citizens between the ages of sixteen and sixty years are called into the service, and are divided into two classes. Those between seventeen and fifty years are considered the militia proper, the remainder are held as a militia reserve.

On Christmas Day the Federals bombarded Charleston with considerable effect. The Confederates erected a battery on Stono River, and did considerable damage to the gun-boat *Marble Head*. Two other gun-boats went to her assistance, drove the enemy from the battery, and captured it.

A naval and military expedition had left New Orleans, it was supposed, for Mobile.

Advices from Key West, Florida, of the 29th ult., announce the complete destruction by the Federals of the Confederate saltworks on St. Andrew's Bay, in that State. The Federals estimate the damage at 3,000,000 dols. A party of sailors and marines totally destroyed the adjoining town of St. Andrews.

Signal stations, occupied by a small garrison, are to be established along the Mississippi for the protection of its navigation, in accordance with a recommendation from President Lincoln and the Secretary for War.

A resolution had been introduced into the Federal Senate to call out a million of volunteers for ninety days—these volunteers to be commanded by General Grant. The House of Representatives had passed a resolution by eighty-eight votes to twenty-one declaring that any proposition or negotiation with the Confederates ought to be rejected without hesitation or delay. Senator Morrill had offered a resolution requesting Mr. Lincoln to notify the British Government of the desire of the Federal Government to terminate the Reciprocity Treaty. It was referred to the committee on foreign relations.

In New Hampshire Mr. Lincoln had been nominated for re-election as President; and his reappointment had been urged in the House of Representatives. The ground alleged in the latter case was that his election would ensure emancipation throughout the Union.

The Governor of Maryland, in his message to the Legislature, favours immediate steps for gradual emancipation, and says the

natural resources of Maryland are such as cannot be developed by slave labour.

Governor Seymour, in his message to the New York Legislature, took the President to task for his assumption of power as Commander-in-Chief. The Governor declares that the country can only be saved from ruin by the Administration adhering to its pledge to restore constitutional union.

A delegation of citizens had left Arkansas for Washington to arrange for their State re-entering the Union.

In the trans-Mississippi States there is not much doing, though there is a prospect of active hostilities in Texas.

General Butler had gone to Washington to confer with the Government in respect of the exchange of prisoners. It was said that the Government would insist on the General being recognised by the Confederates, and would, in fact, place all prisoners under his control.

An investigation by the police had shown that a Mr. Hilton, of New York, had contracted to supply the Confederate Treasury with machines for printing bonds and paper money. Mr. Hilton and his assistants have been lodged in Fort Lafayette. The machines and upwards of 7,000,000 dols. worth of prepared bonds and notes, which were to have been shipped for the South, via Halifax and Nassau, on the 1st, are in the hands of the police.

THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

It would appear from the most authentic reports that the insurrection in the Lithuanian provinces is virtually at an end, the final blow having been given to the hopes of the insurgents by the capture first of Chmelinski, and afterwards of Mackiewicz, since whose death the movement ceases to be embodied under any vigorous chief in the Kowno district.

Chmelinski had commanded for some months past in what the Poles call "the palatinate of Cracow"—that is to say, the district adjoining the Cracow territory, on the other side of the frontier, which before the partition formed with the country around Cracow but one province. Chmelinski's district was said to be held by as many as 15,000 Russians; and, considering that the Russian army in the kingdom now numbers 180,000 men, this estimate does not appear at all exaggerated. Since Langiewicz's time the palatinate of Cracow—the scene of that leader's principal exploits—has always been occupied by the Russians in great strength.

The loss of the Abbé Mackiewicz is more deeply felt than that of any of the recent Polish leaders. From March last year, when he commenced hostilities, until his capture, he successfully maintained the unequal conflict, beating the Russians in almost every engagement, and rousing the country by his fiery sermons in favour of liberty. The people venerated him as a saint, and used to crowd from all parts to his standard. Whenever at the head of his band he entered the towns and villages, men, women, and children prostrated themselves before him as he passed. Mothers held up their babes to see him, pointed to him as their saviour, and kissed the hem of his garment. Like the Carmelite monk in Ruthenia, his memory will long dwell among the people, who looked upon him as a prophet; and the lamentations were great when it was known that he had fallen into the hands of his enemies.

It was after he had fought the battle represented in our Engraving that the Abbé Mackiewicz and his Aide-de-Camp were made prisoners in the district of Kowno, near the town of Sredniki. They had left their detachment and ventured alone to a peasant's cabin at a short distance in the hope of obtaining a morsel of food. Unfortunately, the Russians happened to pass, and, as if guided by an instinct resembling that of the bloodhound, they entered the cabin and soon discovered their prey. Mackiewicz and his companion attempted to defend themselves, but were soon overpowered. On the following day they were conducted to Kowno. At the news of this important capture the Russian authorities gave vent to their joy. Mouraviev's son had just returned from St. Petersburg, where he had received a welcome calculated to encourage him in the work of systematic devastation. He did not, however, present himself at the fête got up to celebrate the event that had just occurred, but proceeded at once to examine the prisoners. It is said that when they were brought before him he spoke to them with mildness, and assured them that he would do all in his power to render their situation less painful if they consented to make disclosures. Mackiewicz replied:—

I do not refuse to confess everything that concerns myself personally. I have done my duty to my country. I have called the people to arms against the invaders and oppressors. The chances of war have thrown me into your hands; but the will of God be accomplished! Do your duty, General, to the Czar when you please; I have said all I had to say, and no more will I speak.

He was hanged at Kowno on the morning of the 28th of December.

Of the four leaders who a month ago would have been named as the main supporters of the Polish insurrection in the kingdom and in Lithuania two only remain. Besides "Kruk" there are several minor chiefs in the province of Lublin, and "Bossak" is said to have good lieutenants in his Cracow detachment. There are smaller bands, too, in other parts of the country; but "Bossak" and "Kruk" are regarded—or were, for life is remarkably uncertain among the Polish insurgents—as the chiefs on whom fell the special and difficult duty of keeping up the insurrection during the winter months. Kruk, however, is reported to have retreated with a few followers into Galicia, his detachment having been dispersed.

Meanwhile, the Poles still declare that they are determined to prolong the conflict, and represent that the report of the revolution being at an end is merely an invention of the Russians, by which they hope to intimidate the friends of liberty. It is certain, however, that the Russian military authorities do not confine themselves to reports only; for, in order effectually to suppress the insurrection in Lithuania, Mouraviev has ordered that whole villages containing hundreds of inhabitants shall be plundered, and the people turned out of their houses and sent to Dusiety, where they may be forced to give information.

In Warsaw there is very little improvement in the state of affairs, since, by the last reports, we learn that another convoy of 250 prisoners have been taken from the citadel to Russia. All classes of society were represented, and a few ladies were also to have been sent away, but for some reason they were suffered to remain for the present. The young Count Stanislas Zamoyiski was among the prisoners.

Of the way in which the Polish prisoners are treated by their captors in the very streets of Wilna itself there is little need to speak, since all Europe has heard of the atrocious cruelties practised upon helpless men and women. Our Engraving represents a scene, depicted by an eyewitness, of the manner in which a young man named Florowski was hauled off to punishment. He was stopped in the streets under suspicion of having returned from the insurgents' camp, and, being immediately seized by the Russian dragoons, was half garrotted by thick cords bound round his neck, his hands being securely fastened behind his back. In this way he was attached to the saddle of the mounted soldier of the party, and paraded through the streets in triumph for several hours, subject to the brutality of his guards. While his strength held out the prisoner ran beside the horse, but at length he was entirely exhausted, and fell to the ground. This made no difference, however, for he was dragged through the streets until a certain journey was accomplished, his body striking against the stones and sometimes against the walls, and leaving a bloody track upon the road. It was in this condition that he was taken to the military hospital, where he died the following day.

A circular of the National Government, dated the 4th inst., announces the dismissal of General Microslawski from his post as General Organiser of the Revolutionary Forces. He is said, nevertheless, to be actively engaged at Liège in services for the National cause.

THE WHOLE SUBJECT OF LONDON STREET IMPROVEMENT, it is said, will come before the House of Commons this Session, and we hope with it the cutting up of the internals of the metropolis.

The great fortification, the Dannewerk, a portion of which is represented in our Engraving, is situated at the southern extremity of the duchy of Schleswig, and consists at the present time of a enormous earthwork stretching across the entire country. This fortification is said to have been originally constructed to oppose the progress of Charlemagne, and extended from the north bank of the Lower Eider to the Schlei; indeed, the remains still exist of the ancient fosse; and at Flensburg there is to be seen a fine collection of hint arrow-heads and axes, of spear-heads, and the slabs of stone upon which they were ground, taken from the burrows or earth-mounds in the immediate neighbourhood. The ancient fortification served, it is said, as a model for that erected from 936 to 950, after the expedition of the German Emperor Henry I. This border wall, built of wood, stone, and

AN UNLUCKY SHIP.—In the early part of last year the ship *Uk* was brought back by her captain to Cardiff, the port from which she had sailed, after a six months' voyage, without having reached her destination. She was in good seaworthy condition, and the captain told the owners that the reason he had returned was that when he had got as far as Cape Horn he saw a vision on the ocean, which warned him not to proceed any further on the voyage, and that, in the event of his persisting, both he and the ship would be sent to perdition. A Board of Trade inquiry was instituted into the captain's conduct. The crew were examined, and they spoke of him as a very careful and sober master, although somewhat eccentric in his manner; and when they found that he had put the ship back without any reason for so doing, the chief mate remonstrated with him, and endeavoured to take charge, which the captain resisted by placing him in irons. The captain was examined, and he solemnly declared that, after what had appeared to him, he could not go on. It was the vision of the Lord, and he was bid not to go on. The result of the inquiry was that his certificate was cancelled. A new master was appointed to the ship, and she sailed a second time on the voyage. On Saturday a despatch was received from the British Consul at Coquimbo by the Secretary of the Board of Trade, announcing the destruction of the *Uk* by fire, while on a voyage from Swansea for Huesco. The ship arrived in lat. 33 S., long., 74 10 on the 12th of November, on the morning of which day smoke was observed issuing from the hatches. Four tons of blasting powder were speedily removed from the hold and thrown



A POLISH PRISONER IN THE STREETS OF WILNA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY H. DZIARKOWSKI)—SEE PAGE 50.

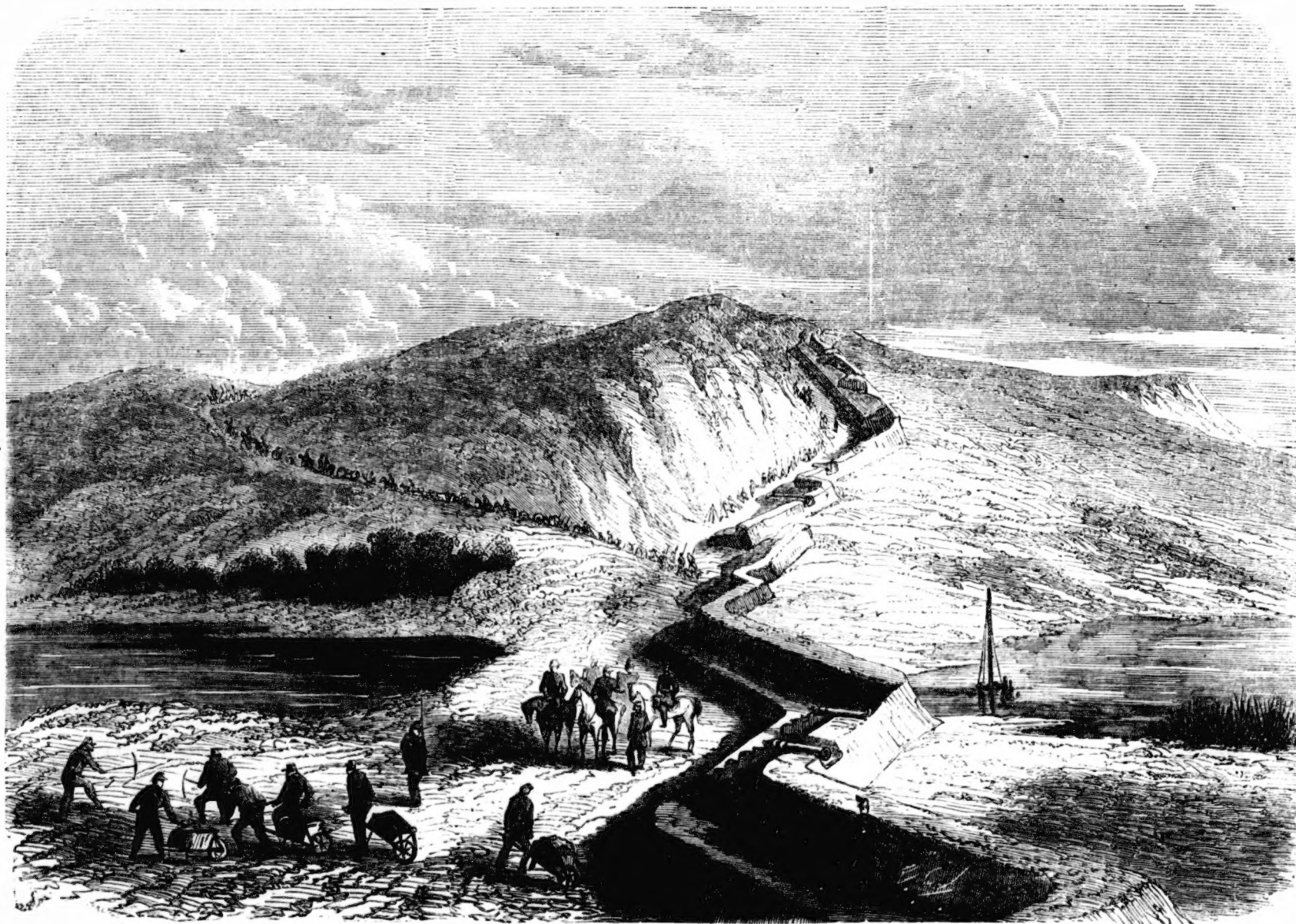
earth, provided with towers, a trench, and a single gate, joined the fortress of Oldenburg, and extended to the lake (now dried up) of Bustorf, and onward to Hollingsted. Its construction was projected by Queen Thyra, "the pride of the Danes" (Danabod) who married Gorm-the-Old. The fortification has been several times restored; but, principally, until the present era, by Waldemar the Great and Queen Matilda. It remained for its present possessors, however, completely to repair the ravages of former wars, and the still greater ravages of time. The entire wall has been consolidated, and in many places raised to a greater height, while the works extend from the Baltic

to the North Sea without interruption. The whole fortification consists of three enormous earthworks, stretching across the entire breadth of the land, and so arranged as to form a neck, or funnel, with a long outwork to protect the narrow channel through which the troops are intended to retire if overpowered in the open country.

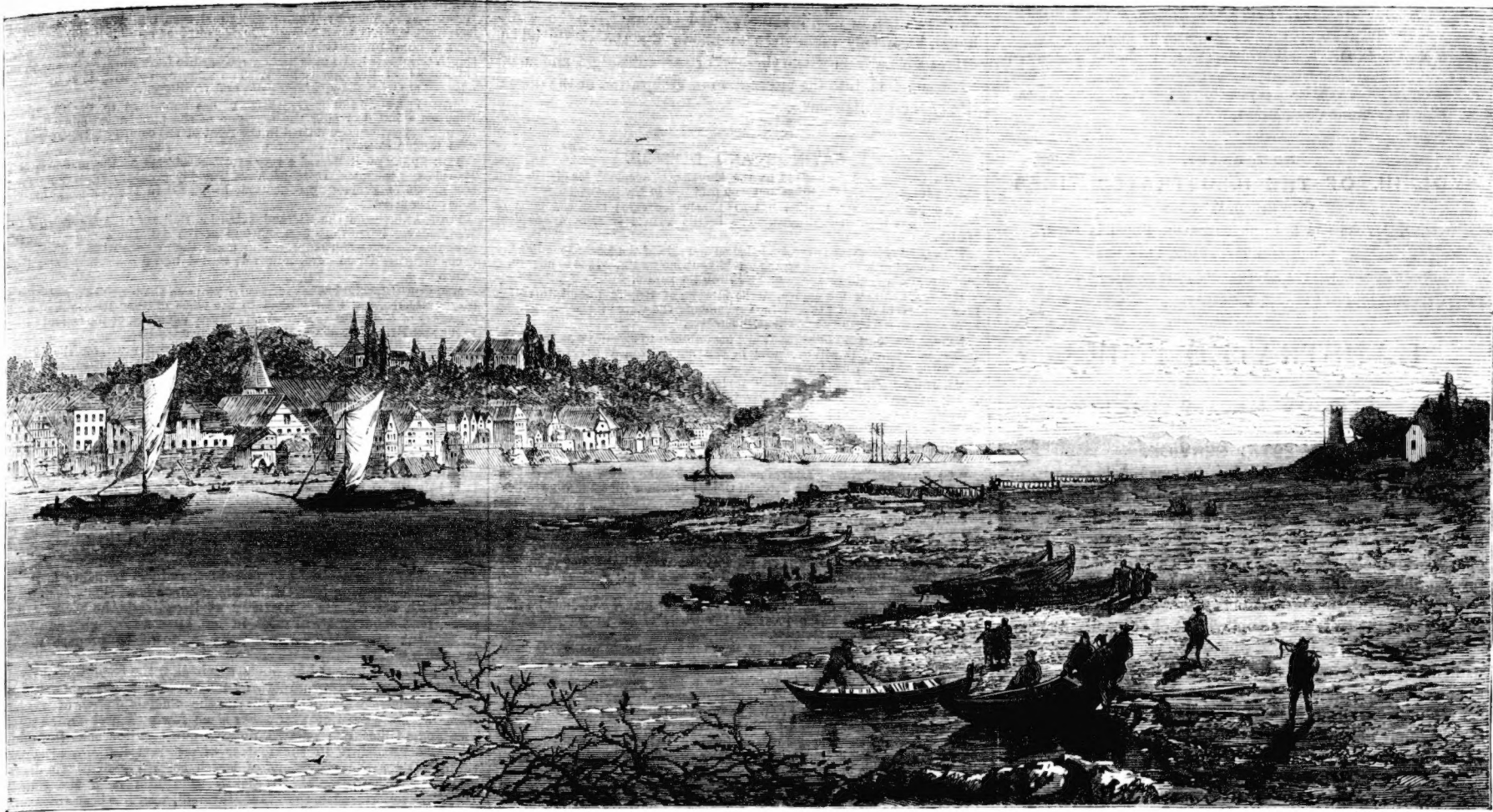
Towards the Baltic there runs the Osterwolden (east rampart) which is about two English miles in length, with earthworks from 4 ft. to 5 ft. high, and sixteen yards broad, the whole beset with a ditch of from 6 ft. to 10 ft. in depth. Beyond this lies the great bay formed by the river Schley, a broad expanse of water impassable to

attacking troops. Stretching immediately in front of this is the Kurgraben, running for about a mile in length, from the end of the Selker lake, and behind this lies the great Dannewerk itself, an enormous earthwork of at least fourteen miles in length. In some parts this fortification is from 30 ft. to 36 ft. high, and the ramparts are from 16 ft. to 20 ft. in width.

The whole of these earthworks are immediately in connection, from one side of the peninsula to the other, with the River Schlei on the eastern side, and with the river Treene, which falls into the Northern Ocean; so that the Danish forces have it within their



THE "DANNEWERK": THE DANISH DEFENCE OF SCHLESWIG.



VIEW OF LAUENBURG.

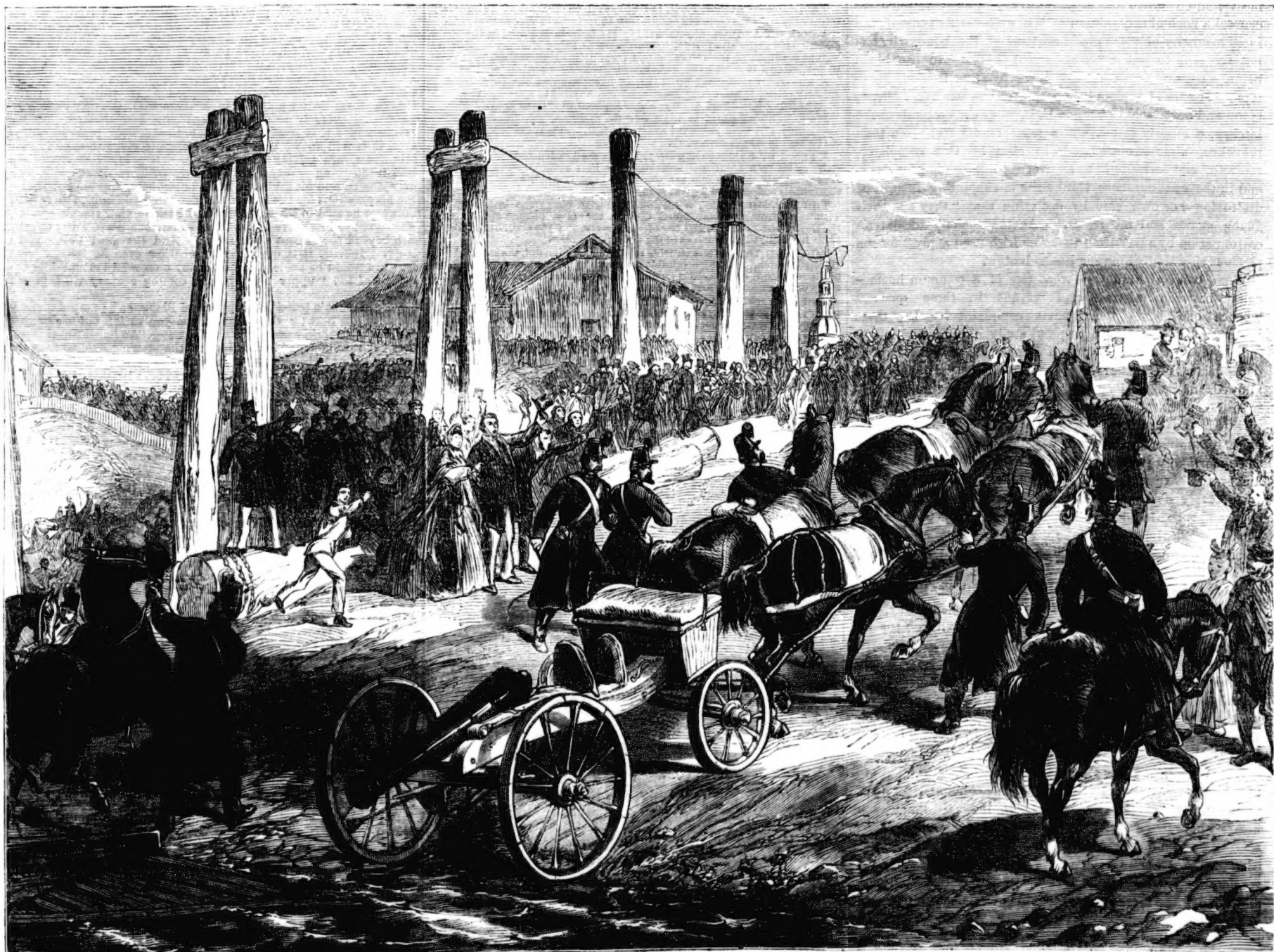
power to flood not less than sixty-four square miles of land in front of the great bulwark of Schleswig at a moment's notice. Should any opposing force attempt to cross on the ice they would be exposed to artillery which would sweep them away; and it is the opinion of those most competent to judge that the Dannewerk will enable the soldiers there intrenched to hold Schleswig against vastly superior numbers.

THE AUSTRIANS CROSSING THE ELBE, AND THEIR ENTRANCE INTO HAMBURG.

THE Austrian corps of execution, to which recent events have

given so much importance, reached Hamburg on the 20th of December last. At eleven o'clock on that day the "Martini" regiment of infantry, about 2100 strong, entered the city, after having crossed the Elbe in steam-boats. One of our Engravings represents the transit of the troops across the river, from Baddel, on the Hanoverian bank of the Elbe. At the Grasbrook they were welcomed by the band of the Hamburg infantry, playing the Austrian national air, "God Preserve the Emperor." The Austrian corps then marched by way of the Brookthor and the Alsterdamm to the Zeughausmarkt, where their quartering billets were distributed to them.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th of December eight battery guns, preceded by the trumpeters of the Hamburg cavalry, passed through the Steinthor on the way to Hohenfelde, as shown in our Engraving. At half-past two Brigadier-General Count Goudrecourt arrived with his Staff, and was speedily followed by the infantry regiment "King of Prussia," 2100 strong, headed by Lieutenant-Colonel Bess, commander of the Hamburg troops. All repaired to their appointed quarters. The Jager battalion (No. 18, 1080 strong) entered the city about five o'clock; and lastly came the Engineer train and baggage-waggons, with 145 horses and 259 men.



ENTRANCE OF AUSTRIAN TROOPS INTO HAMBURG

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1864.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

WHEN *Materfamilias*, growing jealous of her husband's repeated triumphant exhibitions of "My own letter, my dear!" in the columns of the *Times*, essays her powers in the same line, there is one subject upon which she can always be didactic, severe, narratory, or suggestive at will, or even all by turns. She need but descend to the kitchen if she desire to soar into print. The shortcomings of her own female servants afford ample theme for the employment of her pen. She need not fear argument, much less contradiction. She may assail, without stint of invective, the honest, hardworking inmates of her own house, without whose service, hiring though it be, her dining-room might be a sty, her parlour a dustheap, and her children ragged, unkempt, unwashed, disgraces to the whole neighbourhood.

For our parts, we have no sympathy, in this matter, with Mrs. M., nor with the chorus of indignant matrons ever ready to corroborate and strengthen her complaints. In fact, we seldom read or hear a tirade against the badness of servants but we construe it to be one of the most certain indications of a badly-managed household. Who among us has ever seen, in domestic life, a cheerful, active, careful housewife, kindly to all about her, yet doomed to a constant succession of unthrift, careless, dishonest, or insolent servants? Our own experience has certainly never led us to believe this to be the ordinary normal state of the Englishman's home. We may all have heard of servants' shortcomings, but how often has one not, even among the most limited circle of acquaintances, been compelled to conceal a flush of indignation at the overbearing tyranny, the incisive cruelty of some proud mistress of the house who has not scrupled to put a "neat-handed Phillis" to the blush before a roomful of stranger visitors, by some sudden, harsh reproof? How often does it happen that the fair housewife, so bland and hospitable to her guests, is, when she descends to the kitchen, a miserly screw, whom her servants feel more than provoked, almost challenged, to cheat? One complains, forsooth, that servants have an overweening passion for dress, and in the next sentence thinks she is supporting instead of destroying her own case by declaring that "they ape their young misses and mistresses." Another calmly insults an entire nation by advertising that "no Irish need apply" for the precious situation which she has to bestow.

What bond of kindness—what ties of a common home—exist between mistress and servant in those quarters whence one hears the loudest complaints? Do these mistresses in one single respect study the health or the morals, even the comforts and happiness, of their humble dependents below stairs? We fear not. "No followers allowed," of course. Poor Betsy may form clandestine alliances with the butcher's journeyman, the policeman, or the prowling private in the Guards; and about all this Mrs. M. neither knows nor cares, unless, indeed, some day Betsy gives notice in order to be married, when she is called a silly girl or an ungrateful hussey to leave such an excellent place. Is Betsy studied when, every half hour—no matter upon what she may be engaged, whether upon household work, her needle, or her book—she is liable to be rung up stairs twice—once to receive and once to execute—every single, trivial order? Who ever thinks the weather rather too cold for her to be sent out in the raw morning air, to slop about with her hearthstone on the doorstep, and suggests that, for once in a way, they may remain unwhitened, for charity's sake? Who of the big boys ever offers to assist her as she toils past the parlour with a hundredweight and a half of coals for the drawing-room? Who ever, at the concert or theatre, considers that poor lonely female, striving to keep herself awake in the kitchen, ready to wait at supper when the family returns, or to let in Mr. Paterfamilias, who has timid objections to leaving the door upon the latch, though the lock be a Chubb?

But the class to which these questions are, as a hundred of a like kind might be, addressed, does not, happily, form the representative of our households. In the vast majority of homes where female servants are employed, these are orderly, obedient, and kindly—exhibiting, it is true, certain failings common to humanity, but certainly not such as to merit wholesale sweeping denunciation. Our caricaturists, literary and artistic, are not a little to blame in this matter, in their habit of representing the female domestic as a vulgar, impudent slattern, and thereby keeping decent, well-ordered girls out of service by rendering the position contemptible. The false economy of mistresses, who, for the sake of a pound or two in

the way of annual wage, employ the squabby daughters of the costermonger, or the broken-spirited orphan from the work-house, have only themselves to blame for the result which drives a class from whom the best of servants might and ought to be supplied, into the alternative of emigration or the dismal life of the needlewoman.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN has sent £100 to the Mayor of Yarmouth for distribution among the families of the fishermen who perished in the recent gales.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES has so nearly recovered that the issue of bulletins has been discontinued. The infant Prince is also in excellent health.

THE QUEEN is about to erect a lodge on the side of the Lochnagar for her accommodation when going to the top of that mountain. It is to contain a parlour, kitchen, gillies' room, and stabling for ponies.

MR. CONINGHAM has informed the electors of Brighton of his intention immediately to resign his seat in Parliament, the state of the hon. gentleman's health rendering such a step imperative.

BARON MAROCHETTI has received a commission to execute a statue of the Queen, in bronze. It will be placed in the mausoleum at Frogmore, beside the statue of the Prince Consort.

MR. JOHN PAGET, of the Middle Temple, has been appointed a metropolitan police magistrate, in the room of Mr. Combe, deceased.

GENERAL CIALDINI has completely recovered from the illness under which he has been suffering for some time past, and has resumed the command of his military department.

COTTON CULTIVATION is being carried on to an extensive scale in Peru.

"LA FRANCE" gravely assures us that "M. Stanley, born at Alderley," is the Duke of Newcastle at the Colonial Office! Such is the knowledge writers possess of English statesmen!

HER MAJESTY'S NEW STEAM-TENDER ALBERTA, built to supersede the Fairy, has turned out a most lamentable failure in speed and seagoing qualities.

A VERY CURIOUS HALOGRAPH ON PAPER, containing a song or melody by the famous Dr. John Bull, the reputed composer of the National Anthem, has lately been found in the Public Record Office.

THE LATE BISHOP OF ELY, after providing for his servants, and leaving one or two legacies, has bequeathed the whole of his property to public charities and benevolent societies.

A STATUE TO BERNARD PALISSY, the famous worker in pottery, is about to be erected at Saintes (Charente-Inferieure), his birthplace.

MDLLE. ROSA BONHEUR is engaged on a large picture, about ten feet high, intended as a companion to "The Horse Fair."

A QUANTITY OF SALMON SPAWN has been dispatched to Tasmania, with the view of introducing that fish into the rivers of the colony.

THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE of the National Italian Society has voted an address to the Emperor Napoleon protesting against the intended or alleged attempt against his life.

MR. G. G. SCOTT is about to undertake the restoration of the large and interesting church of Grantham, Lincolnshire. The estimated cost of the work is £14,000.

M. ROUCHER, in the Corps Legislatif, declared that the Orleans family was still conspiring, and had not given up its hopes of the throne, upon which M. Thiers exclaimed, "Do not speak ill of those whom you robbed," alluding to the Orleans Confiscation Decree of 1852.

THE CARDINAL VICAR AT ROME has definitely refused to authorise the British Consul to have Protestant worship at his residence for the convenience of the now overflying British congregation.

TWO CENTENARIANS have died within the last few days—namely, Mrs. Sarah Lee, of Alton, in her 105th, and Mrs. Penn, Innerleithen, Scotland, in her 107th year.

A BILL has just been submitted to the Danish Chamber for the introduction into Denmark of trial by jury, on the English system.

MAZZINI has emphatically denied all knowledge of or complicity in the plot to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon lately discovered in Paris. The letters found on the persons arrested, and purporting to have been written by Mazzini, are declared by him to be forgeries.

TENTERDEN CHURCH, Kent, not known on account of its legendary connection with the Goodwin Sands, is to be restored by Mr. E. Christian.

A COCKNEY ANGLER, who is writing his tour in Scotland in the *Field*, describes the ruins of Dumbarton Castle as being situated on a pretty lake to the right of the railway going from Edinburgh to Glasgow! [The writer referred to must have mistaken Linlithgow for Dumbarton.]

A SMALL DETACHMENT OF MARINES has been sent out to establish a military colony in the Torres Straits, on the Australian station. The place selected is known as Port Albany, and is situated near Cape York.

FOUR NEGROES called at the Executive mansion, Washington, on New-Year's Day, and were presented to Mr. Lincoln. This is the first occurrence of the kind in American history.

A FLOCK OF SHEEP having strayed on to the London and South-Western Railway between Sherborne and Milborne Port stations, a train dashed in amongst them, and, before the engine could be stopped, killed forty-five of the animals and maimed a great many more.

THE REV. MR. INGLE, a leading Tractarian clergyman in Exeter, has withdrawn from the Naturalists' Club in that city, because Mr. Pengelly, the Devonshire geologist, and one of the members of the club, has expressed his belief in Lyell's opinion as to the antiquity of man.

THE TENANTRY on the extensive estates in Scotland of the late Duke of Hamilton intend erecting a suitable memorial in token of their high esteem of him as a good and generous landlord. A committee has been appointed to carry out the necessary arrangements.

THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT recently appeared in a French paper:—"A young lady, aged twenty-five years, with a very strong beard, which will attract the curious, wishes to become demoiselle in a cafe."

THE GOVERNMENT have consented to erect a new post-office, money-order office, and savings bank for Bristol, at a cost of £10,000, provided the citizens will contribute £2000 towards the outlay. The proposed site of the new office is in Small-street.

WINTER HERRING-FISHING has lately been pursued with considerable success on the Caithness coast, Scotland. The takes were large, and the quality of the fish excellent. Large quantities of cod, haddock, halibut, &c., have also been captured.

A NEWSPAPER, to be published thrice a week, and to be called the *White Eagle*, the main object of which will be to support the cause of the liberation of Poland, is about to be started in Zurich. Its principles will be those of the Polish National Government, as whose organ it will have a semi-official character.

A MAN, after first dashing his hand through a Birmingham pawnbroker's window and seizing a case of rings, fractured the skull of a person who attempted to seize him, by means of a stone slung in a handkerchief, and maimed a second who came up. Eventually he was captured.

M. DOMSLAIN, an officer of the French navy, is said to have resolved a problem of great importance in steam navigation—the substitution of fresh for salt water in the boilers. This invention will accomplish a considerable economy by greatly increasing the durability of steam-engines.

A LADY was lately seen walking along Broadway, New York, with the following articles, among others, adhering to the skirt of her dress:—A cooper's shaving, a dead mouse, a half-consumed cigar, a wisp of straw coated with street filth, a bunch of horsehair, a second-hand quid of tobacco, the heel of an old boot, and a quantity of street droppings! This might be paralleled any day in London.

THE GOVERNMENTS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND have agreed to establish a common system of night signals at sea. Captain Richard Grivel, commissioned by the Minister of Marine, has been sent to London to arrange the details of the measure with the Lords of the Admiralty.

MR. WILLIAM RAMBLE, principal engineer and inspector of machinery afloat at Sheerness, will be prosecuted, at the instance of the Government, on a charge of aiding in the equipment and manning of the Confederate steamer *Rappahannock*, which was some time ago sold out of the Queen's service.

A NOTORIOUS THIEF AND PRISON-BREAKER, named Nugent, recently handed the gaoler at Greenlaw Prison, Berwickshire, the following stanza, written in blood, which he had obtained by cutting his fingers with a piece of tin taken from his lantern:—

So then my trial is over,
And my sentence is in part;
I am well to thee, old Scotland,
You've cooked my goose at Lut.

IN THE ROTUNDA, at Dublin, is to be seen an exhibition of "drawing, engineering, cabinet and carpenter's work, embroidery, and various other products," the work of the men of the 12th Regiment. At the suggestion of Colonel Ponsonby, they have devoted their leisure hours to producing specimens of their skill and industry, instead of wasting money and time in idleness and dissipation.

ANOTHER SUIT against the *Great Eastern* has been commenced in the Court of Admiralty, Captain Paton, the commander, having arrested the ship for £2000. There is also an arrest for £5000 by the owners of the late ship *Jane*, which was run down by the *Great Eastern*, and regarding which a suit is now pending.

THE IRISH COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH have decided that women have a right to vote for town commissioners, under the provisions of the Towns Improvement Act—Mr. Justice Fitzgerald even indicating an opinion that ladies might sit as town commissioners as well as vote for them.

THE LONG-PROTRACTED STRIKE among the Durham pitmen has at length terminated, the men having returned to their work, and many to their old houses, at Brandon Colliery. The same course will, it is believed, be followed at Oakeshaw, Brancepeth, and Willington.

THE PORTUGUESE GOVERNMENT has submitted to the Chamber of Deputies a bill decreeing the abolition of the punishment of death, except for military crimes committed in the event of the country being at war with some foreign Power.

THE SPEAKER delivered a very excellent address to the members of the Mansfield Mechanics' Institution on Tuesday evening. Enlarging on the best means of promoting education, he placed in the first rank the cheap newspaper press.

FOUR ARCHES on the Midland Extension Railway in Agar Town fell on Wednesday. There were premonitions of the accident sufficiently marked to enable the workmen employed to make their escape without injury. No fewer than ten horses were, however, buried under the ruins, and six were killed.

MR. CORRIE, who has sat for twelve years on the bench as a metropolitan magistrate, having been elected to the office of City Remembrancer, the Secretary of State has appointed Mr. James Vaughan, of the Oxford Circuit, to succeed Mr. Corrie at the Bow-street Police Court.

A LADY persisted in walking through an Irish town, on the 12th inst. with a large orange lily in her breast. A crowd followed, threatening violence. A police-officer remonstrated with her, but as she would not remove the flower he took it from her. The lady has commenced an action against the officer. She contends that she had a right to wear the flower, and that it was the officer's duty to drive away the mob and protect her in wearing it.

A COMET, first discovered on Dec. 28, is rapidly approaching the earth, and will probably be visible to the naked eye prior to Feb. 1, about which time it reaches its nearest point of approximation—namely, 18,000,000 miles. It is believed to be identical with a comet seen in 1810, and its time is therefore rather more than fifty-three years.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

LORD PALMERSTON is quite well again. The attack of the gout which the papers noticed has passed off, and his Lordship is now at Broadlands enjoying himself, as his manner is at this season of the year, with his friends. His stay at Broadlands, however, will be short, for Parliament will meet in less than a fortnight, and before Parliament assembles he must be in town to prepare for the campaign.

But, unless Rumour has made a mistake, the Government do not intend to lay any very important measures upon the table. In the various departments of the State the officials know of nothing special. The Board of Trade has some few measures on the anvil. The Home Office one or two, notably one to alter that law which regulates procedure in the matter of criminal lunatics after conviction, under the provisions of which certain justices and doctors stepped into Townley's cell and rescued him from the gallows. There are reports, also, that Mr. Stansfeld, who has been incessantly at work during the vacation more like a nigger than a junior Lord, will take the lead in the House of Commons in all Admiralty matters, and have some important statements to make and reforms to propose. Rumour, when asked what they are, shuts her mouth, and puts her finger upon her lips, as much as to say, "Don't you wish you may get it?" I suspect, however, that these reforms, if any there are to be, will not involve organic changes, but merely improvement in administration. But one thing, however, is certain—viz., if Mr. Stansfeld cannot get the departments which come under his supervision ship-shape and in perfect order it will be no fault of his; for he is a man of business; has, moreover, a logical mind and clear vision; and anything like confusion and disorder is offensive to him. What Gladstone will do can only be conjectured. He is certain to have a surplus, and he is equally certain to have plenty of claimants for it. The great brewers, poor fellows, have already begun an agitation against the duties of so much per barrel which were substituted for the license duties last year. The leviathan brewers have found that these duties mount up to a very heavy sum. I have heard of one firm which has paid £7000 to Government this year, and, naturally, said firm don't like it. But I question whether the public or the Chancellor of the Exchequer will feel much compunction or compassion in this matter; for, though these duties amount to a large sum, it must be remembered that there is no duty on hops now, and that most of the saving under that head has gone into the brewers' pockets. Moreover, it is well known that the complainants, notwithstanding their grievances, are getting awfully rich. Brewing beer is still the best trade going. When Dr. Johnson, as Thrall's executor, with his apron on and his ink-bottle in his buttonhole, was superintending the preparations for the sale of the stock in trade in his late friend's brewery, he said to some one who had come to view the place, "Sir, we are not selling mere tubs and vats, but the potentiality to grow rich beyond the dreams of avarice." And the good Doctor spoke truly. Indeed, it is questionable whether even he foresaw what fortunes would be made, and how many men would mount into the regions of the "upper ten" in the coming century via hops and malt.

"Egad, that's true," said my friend Blogg, as he peeped over my shoulder just here; "that's true; but you've left out one thing." "What's that?" I asked. "Why, the water. An important element, that. I remember an old fellow in the brewing line, who, at the annual dinner to his clerks, always used to give as the toast next to 'The Royal Family,' 'The Thames—my best friend.' Brewers used to get their water from the Thames then. But it is really wonderful what fortunes have been made out of beer, and how the brewers have pushed themselves into the highest ranks of the aristocracy. Times have changed since the Suffolk squire refused Whitebread, the brewer-statesman, a card of admission to the county ball. If I were Gladstone, I should turn a deaf ear to the moanings and groanings of the brewers. Their profits, Sir, are enormous. I find I can brew at my little place in the country a capital glass of beer at the rate of 9d. a gallon now the duty is off hops; and, of course, your leviathan brewer can brew it cheaper than I can, and my ninepenny tippie shall beat his eighteenpenny out of the field."

But, to leave Friend Blogg and his tippie. The sugar men are also in the field with their indefatigable and clever agent, Mr. Russell, who worked so hard and achieved such success for his clients, the English merchants and traders, when the Bankruptcy Bill was before the House. I once made myself master of this sugar question; but, not being a dealer in sugar nor a consumer to any great extent, the whole thing has slipped out of my mind. But I have a clear recollection that these sugar duties were justly complained of, and must be altered ere long; and, from what I have heard, I suspect that the Chancellor of the Exchequer means to grapple with the subject this Session. Again, the barley-growers have begun to agitate for the repeal of the malt duty; and agitate they may, but they will get no relief. No, no! gentlemen farmers. You have had enough done for you. You are very lightly dealt with in the matter of the income tax; you pay no fire insurance duty; though why you should pay nothing for assuring your stock, whilst the tradesman, and merchant, and manufacturer pay 3s. per cent on theirs, it is impossible to say, except that when the tax was laid on you were the masters of the situation in Parliament, and naturally took care of yourselves; and you are highly favoured under the head of assessed taxes. By the way, I suspect that the fire insurance duty will be reduced. It has been three times condemned by the House; and I do not see how, without disrespect to the Commons, the Chancellor can pass it by. This year, perhaps, is. 6d. from this duty, and 1d. from the income tax (some say 1d.), and some change in the regulation of the sugar duties involving no great loss, will be the extent of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's operations.

Here is a full, true, and particular account of all the members who have been elected during the recess:—Mr. Samuel Waterhouse, for Pontefract, vice Mr. Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton; Sir Colman Michael O'Loughlin, county of Clare, in room of Mr. Calcutt, deceased; the Hon. Charles Richard Douglas Hanbury Tracey, Montgomery district, instead of Mr. Willes Johnston, deceased; Sir

William Augustus Frazer, borough of Ludlow, in place of Mr. Beriah Botfield, deceased; Mr. Morgan Treherne, city of Coventry, vice Mr. Ellice; Mr. John Peel, borough of Tamworth, instead of Lord Raynham, now Marquis Townshend; Mr. Robert Porrett Collier, Plymouth, re-elected on becoming Solicitor-General; Sir Roundell Palmer, borough of Richmond, re-elected on becoming Attorney-General; Mr. George John Shaw Lefevre, borough of Reading, instead of Mr. Serjeant Pigott, who has accepted a judgeship; Mr. Thomas Lloyd, borough of Barnstable, in place of Mr. Potts; the Hon. Frederick Lygon, West Worcestershire, in room of his brother, Lord Elmley, now Earl Beauchamp (Mr. Lygon left Tewkesbury, which is now vacant); Colonel Richard Henry Richard Howard Vyse, Windsor, in place of Mr. Hope, deceased; Mr. Charles Neate, Oxford, vice Mr. Langston, deceased; Mr. William Henry Humphrey, Andover, instead of Mr. Cubitt, deceased; and Mr. Robert Bateson Harvey, county of Buckingham, in room of the Hon. George Cavendish, now Lord Oshesham.

Of the above, all but Sir W. Frazer, Mr. Collier, Sir R. Palmer, Mr. Lygon, and Mr. Neate are new members. Amongst these new members there is no one, as far as I know, that is likely to become a power in the house. Still, it is possible that some one may have hitherto hidden his light under a bushel, and that having duly trimmed said light may now be prepared to uncover it and astonish mankind. I confess, though, that I am not sanguine. A blazing, or even bright light, seldom can be so effectually concealed but that through some chink or cranny we get a glimmer indicative of its existence. I venture to foretell that these gentlemen will prove little better than hundreds that we have already in the house—occupiers of so many square inches, and, possibly, of a few hours of time. Would that we could net a young fellow of unmistakable power, for this article is getting sadly scarce! Since this Parliament was elected, in 1859, we have lost the following men, more or less notable:—Mr. James Wilson, Mr. Henry Drummond, Mr. Samuel Laing, Sir Charles Napier, Mr. Sydney Herbert, Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham, Mr. Thomas Duncombe, Mr. W. J. Fox, and Sir George Lewis. Here are ten men who were all above the common level. And who have we found? I have conned the list of new men, and can only find three to place on the *per contra* side of the account—to wit, Mr. Goschen and Mr. Butler Johnstone, who can be hardly said to have won their spurs yet; and Mr. William Edward Foster, who has certainly found a position, and is worthy of it.

The protest against the latest proceedings of the National Shakespeare Committee, which I presume you print in another column, will tell all that need be told of last Monday's doings. This protest is the committee's death-knell, and, possibly before the present sheet is in the hands of your readers, the National Shakespeare Committee will have ceased to exist. Nothing that its blundering executive can now do can save it from that disgrace which inevitably awaits it. For the information of your readers, and as fit objects for that ridicule which is their just due, I supply you with a list of names of those active members of that absurdly-designated council, whose proceedings have brought about the impending catastrophe. Here they are:—Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson, Mr. H. N. Barnett, Mr. G. Linnaeus Banks, Mr. Bayle Bernard, Mr. F. W. Cosens, Mr. H. G. Bohn, Mr. Stirling Coyne, Mr. J. O. Halliwell, Mr. F. Haines, Mr. J. Knight, Mr. Jonas Levy, Mr. Westland Marston, and Mr. F. G. Tomlins (not Tomkins, as formerly printed—let the right man have his due).

As a contrast to the blunders of the London committee listen to the arrangements made by the Stratford-upon-Avon people for the celebration of the Shakespearean tercentenary!

They are about to erect a splendid and spacious pavilion, of which the area is to measure 100 ft., to be surrounded by galleries over 30 ft. deep, connected by staircases and leading to refreshment-rooms, reception-rooms, and cardrooms, and capable of accommodating upwards of 5000 people. It will be an enormous building, and the Stratford-upon-Avon committee must be indeed spirited to take upon themselves such serious pecuniary responsibilities.

The programme of the festival is of similarly colossal dimensions. On Saturday, April 23, the preliminary ceremony is to be the laying of the foundation-stone of a monument to the poet. After this there is to be a grand banquet (*qu'ils mangent, ces Anglais!*) with the notabilities of the neighbouring counties for guests, and the Earl of Carlisle for chairman. The banquet over, there is to be a grand torchlight procession through the town (let us hope the guests will be moderate in their potations!) and a magnificent display of fireworks upon the "Swan's" own river, the Avon.

On Sunday special services are to be given in the church, and funds collected for the restoration of the chancel, in which lie the ashes of the poet, protected by the well-known injunction,

Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones!

On Monday morning there is to be a performance of "The Messiah," in which Mmes. Titiens and Sainton-Dolby, and Messrs. Santley and Sims Reeves are to be supported by a chorus 400 voices strong, and by an orchestra of 120 instruments. In the evening there is to be a concert of Shakespearean music, and Shakespearean music only.

Tuesday is to be spent in visiting "the house" and the localities glorified by association with the poet "in his habit as he lived," and popular entertainments are to be given at a cost within the means of the humblest of Shakespeare's countrymen and countrymen. At night a play—"Cymbeline," I hear—is to be acted, and the best Shakespearean actors procurable—remember that I say procurable—are to be invited to assist at this labour of love. Miss Helen Faucit is said to have suggested the play and promised her co-operation.

The morning of Wednesday is to be devoted to readings and popular entertainments, and at night "Hamlet" is to be performed.

There must be an end of all things, even to Shakespearean tercentenaries, and even to Shakespearean committees and to the labours of committees—for which two last facts let us be thankful; so on Thursday, the 28th, the last day of the festival, Warwickshire is to meet the county of Warwick and the rest of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales at a fancy ball, the costumes to be entirely, if not Shakespearean characters—I should say human types—at least Elizabethan.

Here is a programme! Marry, come up! By'r leave, Sir! and good faith! an' this be not a pageant well ordered and right comely, there is no wine in grapes! A monument, a banquet, a torchlight procession, fireworks, special Church services, The Messiah, concerts, ceremonial visitings, entertainments, comedies, readings, tragedies, and fancy balls! How will our marred London celebration pale beside these provincial glories! What shall we show the literary foreigner—metaphysic German, appreciative Gaul, and pure-minded American—on the anniversary of the birth of the great Englishman?

I am glad to hear that, through General Knollys, the Prince of Wales has sent his best wishes for the success of the pageant in honour of the foremost subject of a mighty Queen; and, though he has not yet bound himself by engagement to be present, he has expressed a hope that he may be able to visit Stratford in the memorable April this year. Nothing that our Prince, already so popular—nothing that the august lady, his wife, so recently a mother—could do to gratify the future lieges of their infant son would be received throughout the length and breadth of the land with so much pleasure as the announcement that they would inaugurate this commemoration of the birth of William Shakespeare, dramatist and stage-player.

A dance has recently been introduced—or invented, or composed, or whatever may be the proper word for the inspiration of the heels—which is likely to become the rage in Paris, and to vie in popularity with the Polka, the Schottische, and even the Deutsches. It is called the "Radonovitch," a name that will afford admirable facilities for young gentlemen addicted to verbal pleasantries, to say that they cannot dance, for they "Rad-don't-know-vich-is-vich," &c. I am told that the Terpsichorean novelty is *just* in the extreme, though it is difficult to imagine anything faster than modern ballroom dancing, except, indeed, that dance which, unknown in Great Britain, is prohibited in France.

And, apropos of dancing, the masked ball at the Grand Opera, on the Saturday before last, was attended by forty of the Spahis, whose picturesque costume and Eastern gravity are yet scarcely "acclimatised" in Paris.

There is great commotion in the new Jockey Club at Paris. Its members are reported to be too exclusive, too fond of the liberal use of that terrible weapon for secret social stragulation—the black ball. The present system makes one black ball neutralise six white ones. M. le Marquis de Biron has proposed that for the future one black ball in eight should exclude the unfortunate outsider. M. le Marquis de Pomeroy and the Duke d'Albaféra have used all their influence in favour of the new proposition; but the Marquis de Hallay, who stood by the old system, has conquered, and "one in six" is the irrevocable decision of the majority of *les sportsmen*.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

From money-takers at box, pit, and gallery doors the cry is still—*they come!* Burlesques and pantomimes have full sway. No theatre-goer can lounge; he must be content if he find room to stand, and grateful if a smiling but tyrannical boxkeeper, for the price of a playbill, permit him to sit down.

Mr. Falconer's new play of "Night and Morn," though less happy than some of his former productions, has some good points in it. The plot is romantic in the extreme, and full of dungeons, gaolers, prison-bars, escapes, secret messengers (by-the-way, why, in plays, do secret messengers always confide in the wrong person?), clandestine marriages, and unexpected éclaircissements. Mr. Phelps, as the hero, whose fiery and sarcastic spirit neither incarceration nor ill-treatment can subdue, acts with his customary judgment and effect; and Miss Atkinson as a haughty Duchess, Miss Heath as an affectionate Princess, and Miss Murray as the confidante—without whom what were tragedy?—play excellently. Mr. Ryder, who would appear to be especially retained for the performance of saintly confessors, gives his speeches with the sonorous gravity best suited to them and him; and Mr. Rayner, as the Duke, acts with a generosity and a magnanimity rarely found among the Dukes mentioned in Sismondi's History.

There has been a new farce produced at the STRAND, called "Margate Sands." It is a very funny little affair, and capably played by Mimes, Carson, Simpson, and Manders; and Messrs. Wood and Belford. I was especially pleased with the quiet humour of Mr. Wood. It was so genuine, artistic, and unobtrusive. He does not fire a joke off at the audience as if it were a new projectile. When he says a good thing he is sublimely unconscious of it; it is only the audience who feel it. The fun of the farce consists in the fact of two men having missed their own particular bathing-machines and being compelled to attire themselves in clothes not belonging to them—inches too small for one and of course too large for the other. Mr. Bruton, the author of a farce called "Bathing," produced some years ago, has written to the papers claiming the idea as his; and Mr. Hancock, the author of "Margate Sands," has replied, saying he knew nothing of Mr. Bruton's production, and that the idea of two men dressing in each other's garments, so far from being copyright, might occur to any one. For my part, I concur with Mr. Hancock. If the idea were Mr. Bruton's before it was Mr. Hancock's, then it was Mr. Benjamin Disraeli's before it was Mr. Bruton's. Did he not make the famous speech in which he said that the Peelite had "caught the Whigs bathing and stolen their clothes?" And yet the Conservative leader has been silent on the subject, and held his pen. When will dramatic authors learn similar reticence?

The "Ticket-of-Leave Man" is soon to be withdrawn from the Olympic playbills, and a new morality—whatever that may be—called "Sense and Sensation," written by Mr. Tom Taylor, our London Lope de Vega, is to replace it. There is talk, too, of a new comedy, perhaps also from the pen of Mr. Tom Taylor, to be produced on the same evening as the morality.

A comedy, by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, is in rehearsal at the St. James's. It will have a most powerful cast, comprising Mrs. Stirling, Mr. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, and Miss Patti Josephs.

I hear that Mr. Arthur Sketchley shortly opens at the Egyptian Hall, with a new entertainment, pictorially and musically illustrated.

A private concert was given on Tuesday evening, at Lord Fitzgerald's, as an introduction to Mr. W. Beale, a young composer who aims at no middle flight. The programme consisted solely of two trios performed by Mr. Henry Blagrove, Herr Karl Klindworth, and Herr Daubert. The following extract from the printed address to the audience will give an idea of Mr. Beale's ambitious essay:—

Mr. Beale has entirely departed from the Haydn form, except in the opening movements, his aim being to obtain greater scope for contrapuntal and harmonic treatment by massing the various conceptions in one ensemble.

Mr. W. Beale is evidently a fervent admirer of Dr. Listz, who, setting at defiance the established laws in regard to form, has boldly pursued the erratic career his genius and fancy have urged upon him. The first trio, in F sharp minor, is crowded with charming, and to a certain extent novel, ideas. The march in six-eight time is well conceived and excellently treated; the syncope movement that follows is quaint and novel; but the finest burst in the whole composition was the crescendo after the change into common time, which was worked up into a magnificent climax. After this a very long movement in canon was succeeded by the coda, into which he introduced a fine and effective interrupted cadence. This composition shows in a forcible degree all the errors a young and fervid temperament abounds in. It is not yet proved, and it is, moreover, very doubtful, if the blending of three or more movements into one is an advantage; the ear requires and longs for a repose. The enormous difficulties that Mr. Beale delights in require exponents of the highest mechanical skill, united to all the facilities of a free style. Mr. Henry Blagrove played with exquisite skill many passages that ordinary players would fail in, the most elaborate of which were not within the capabilities of the instrument to give the musical effect intended by the composer. Herr Klindworth had the same difficulty to contend with in a minor degree; but every possible difficulty that could be introduced appeared only to be conquered by his facile and brilliant execution. Herr Daubert is a sound and excellent artist. In spite of many faults, it is with pleasure all true lovers of art hail a new exponent who possesses so many qualifications for future excellence as Mr. Beale.

OBITUARY.

THE DUKE OF ATHOLE.—The Duke of Athole died on Saturday afternoon last, at Blair Castle, Perthshire. He deceased was in the fiftieth year of his age, and had been for several months suffering severely from a cancer in the neck. He was insensible for some days before his death, which event was hourly expected. His Grace is succeeded by his only child, John James Hugh Henry, Marquis of Tullibardine, born Aug. 7, 1840, educated at Eton, and now a Lieutenant in the Scots Fusilier Guards, who was married a few weeks ago to the daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Louisa Moncrieff.

THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND.—The Duke of Cleveland died at Raby Castle on Tuesday afternoon, between three and four o'clock. His Grace was found dead in his chair. He had been seriously ill since Friday week. His Grace was born in London, in 1788, and was married, in 1809, to the daughter of the fourth Earl Poulett. She died in 1859. The Duke succeeded to the title on the death of his father, in 1842. As Earl of Darlington he sat for the county of Durham from 1812 to 1818. From 1818 to 1826 he was member for Tregony; from 1826 to 1830 he sat for Totnes. In 1830 he was elected for Saltash, and the same year changed to South Salop, which he represented until he became Duke of Cleveland. His brother, Lord William John Frederick Poulett, succeeds to the title.

LORD ARTHUR LENNOX.—Lord Arthur Lennox, son of the fourth Duke of Richmond, expired on Friday week at his residence, Ovington-square, Brompton, aged fifty-seven. The early part of his Lordship's life was passed in the Army, and in 1842 he received the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and afterwards held the same rank in the light infantry battalion of Sussex Militia, of which corps he became Lieutenant-Commandant in 1850. His Lordship also held some posts under Government, having been a Lord of the Treasury from May, 1844, to August, 1845, and a Clerk of the Ordnance from August, 1845, to July, 1846. The late Lord also sat for Chichester from 1831 to 1846, and was returned for Yarmouth in 1847, but was unseated on petition.

ADMIRAL RICHARD SAUMAREZ.—Admiral Richard Saumarez died on Saturday morning last at Clifton. The Admiral was on the retired list. He was Midshipman on board the Spartan at the reduction of the Castles of Pexaro and Cesenatico, also at Lussin, Zante, Cephalonia, and Cerigo. He also took part in the action with a Neapolitan flotilla in the Bay of Naples. As Lieutenant of the Bacchante he took part in the sieges of Trieste and Cattaro. For his naval services he was allowed to wear the Order of a Knight of Leopold of Austria. His commissions bore date as follows:—Lieutenant, Dec. 3, 1813; Commander, May 19, 1819; Captain, April 17, 1824; Rear-Admiral, May 28, 1853. By recent progress the gallant officer had arrived at the rank of Admiral on the retired list.

ADMIRAL GEORGE OURRY LEMPRIERE.—The above gallant Admiral died at Pelham, Hampshire, on Saturday last. The deceased officer, who attained his seventy-sixth year, obtained the rank of Lieutenant May 25, 1807; was advanced to the rank of Commander Jan. 30, 1813; and in May, 1814, was appointed to the command of the Trent hospital and receiving ship, at Cork. He obtained post rank May 27, 1825; and accepted the retirement, Oct. 1, 1846.

ADMIRAL HAMELIN.—Admiral Hamelin, whose death is announced in the French papers, and who will be well remembered in England as the co-adjutor of Admiral Deas Dundas in the Black Sea during the Crimean War, was born Sept. 2, 1796. He was the nephew of Admiral Baron Hamelin, a sailor who saw much service under the First Empire. At the age of eleven years his uncle placed him as a Midshipman on board the Venus, and while yet a boy he saw a great deal of fighting. In 1812, having obtained a commission, he took part in the expedition to the Scheldt. His promotion was rapid, notwithstanding the peace which followed the battle of Waterloo. In 1828 he became a Captain, and in 1842 a Rear-Admiral. The Crimean War found him Maritime Prefect of Toulon, and he was then selected for the command of the Black Sea fleet. The landing of the French troops previous to the battle of the Alma was effected under his direction. During the attack on Sebastopol forts on the 17th of October a shell struck the quarter-deck of the Ville de Paris and killed Lieutenant Sommier by Admiral Hamelin's side. He himself was knocked down by the shock. He rose and continued to command his vessel amidst a storm of Russian projectiles. His conduct on that day was rewarded by his promotion to the rank of a full Admiral. On the death of M. Ducos he was appointed Minister of Marine, which office he held from 1855 to 1860, when he retired to the snug and honourable post of Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour. He leaves a son, who is Captain in the Navy and at this moment second in command of the Bretagne. His daughter was married only a few weeks before his death. The Emperor has ordered that he shall be buried in the Invalides.

INAUGURATION OF THE GOLDSMITH STATUE IN DUBLIN.

THE ceremony of inaugurating a statue to the memory of Oliver Goldsmith took place in the court in front of Trinity College on the 5th inst. Twelve o'clock was the hour appointed for the proceedings to commence, and long before that hour a numerous concourse of persons had assembled before the gates of the college, and at each side from Grafton-street to Westmoreland-street, and in front as far as the King William statue, presented an array of anxious spectators. At twelve o'clock his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant arrived, and was received on the platform by the Provost of Trinity College, the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Talbot de Malahide. His Excellency was attended by Major-General Larcom, Colonel Foster, Mr. Hatchell (private secretary), Lady Barbara Leeson, and the Hon. H. Leeson.

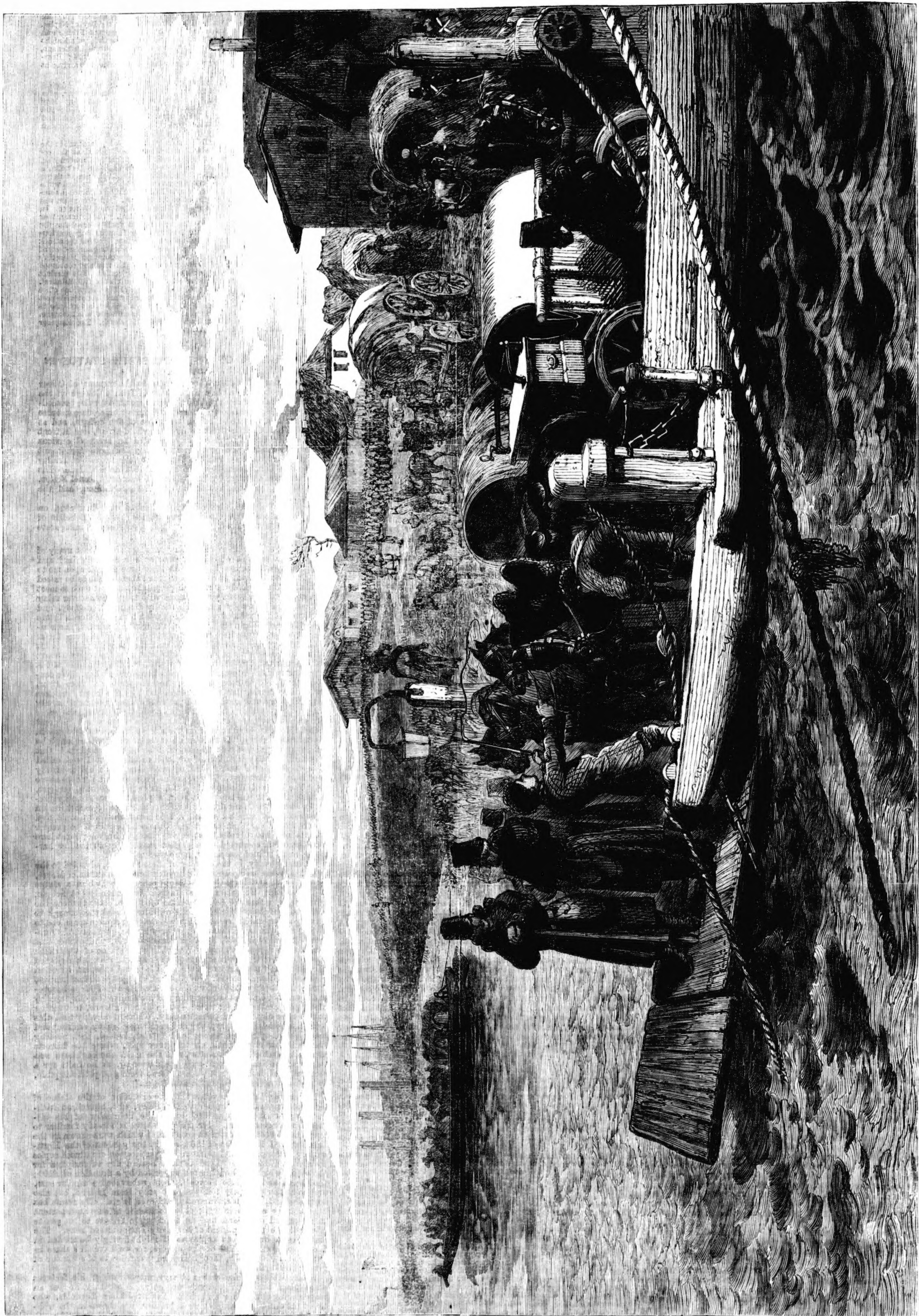
The Rev. J. Jellett having formally handed over the statue, on behalf of the committee, to the Provost, Fellows, and Scholars of Trinity College, the Provost requested Lord Carlisle to inaugurate the statue. His Excellency said—

"It is now little more than six years ago since I met many of you for the purpose of doing honour to a most truly Irish and delightful poet, Thomas Moore. At that time I took upon me to say that upon the spot where I now stand there ought to be raised a statue of Oliver Goldsmith. The proposal seemed at once to meet with approval. I am sure you all agree with me that whatever delay has occurred is amply made up for by the grace, dignity, and excellence of the finished work. Look upon him as he stands before you! The genial-hearted Irishman, the gentle moralist, the consummate poet, stands here in front of the college which gave shelter to his early youth. Loving biographers have done full justice to his history; and an eminent orator, who is at once the representative and ornament of this University, has unfolded the rich gift of his genius with filial reverence and with congenial ability. We contemplate the character, not free from imprudence, from error, nor from ridicule, but fully redeemed by the most guileless sympathy, by the most romantic benevolence, the most manly independence. We contemplate a genius of which no more correct summary can be made than in the words which his great friend, Dr. Johnson, inscribed on the stone that bears his name in Westminster Abbey, 'There was no style of composition which he did not essay; none which he essayed that he did not adorn.' Out of so much variety, and out of so much excellence, if I were called upon to select the most striking specimens, I should naturally mention 'The Traveller,' 'The Deserted Village,' and, perhaps above all, 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' Still, novelist, historian, essayist, satirist, dramatist as he was, it is as a poet that we mainly represent to ourselves Oliver Goldsmith; and, if I were to search for an adjective to distinguish his poetry, I do not know that I could find a more fitting one than exquisite. Others have soared to greater heights and shed intenser light in the poetical heaven; but where were there ever combined more perfect rhythm, more mellow harmony, more refined simplicity, more perfect truth?"

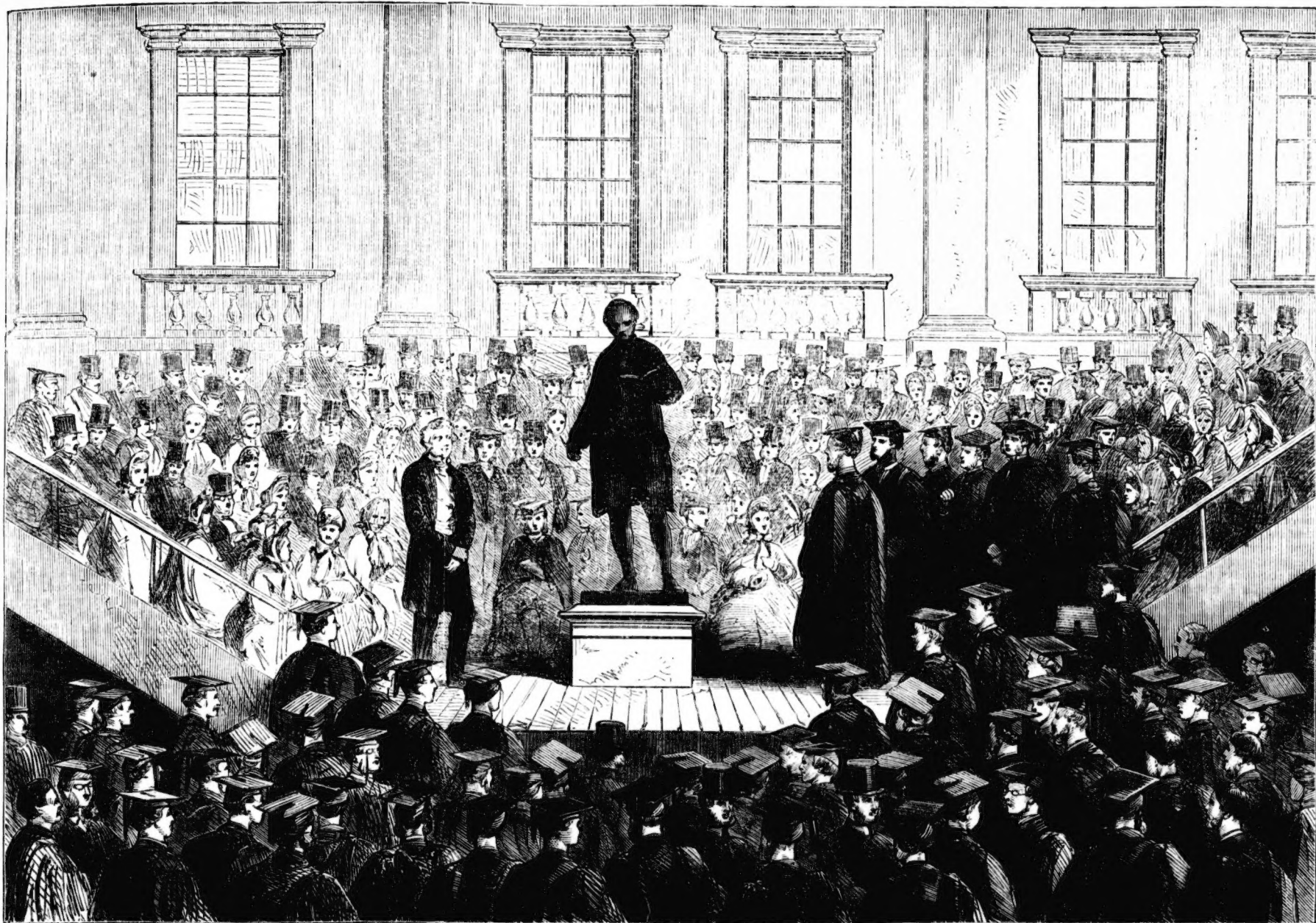
"I have already, in the opening of these remarks, adverted to the fact that, when engaged in the inauguration of the statue of Moore, I ventured to anticipate that we would present to Dublin a statue of Goldsmith. Six years have elapsed since then. Let not six years elapse before we have a statue of Burke. Gentlemen, the authorities of the college have been considerate and wise enough to leave a corresponding space which absolutely requires some one to fill it; and who can fill it so fitly as he who was, probably, the foremost intellect of Ireland, the consummate orator, philosopher, and statesman—Edmund Burke? Why, the very statue of Goldsmith seems to invite the presence of him who was both his most cherished companion in the social hour and his ardent and warmest friend in his sore and frequent need. Well, then, my sympathising hearers, men of high station, men of varied learning, men of large heart—and I will not omit the fair daughters of Dublin, so full of sympathy always for genius and for virtue—you will not, I know, be wanting to this most obvious and patriotic duty. I know already that this work has enlisted the sympathy and exertions of many eminent and many public-spirited citizens; and I trust, indeed, that no long time will now elapse until, on this very spot, where the historic memories, architectural beauties, and the main thoroughfares and pulses of Dublin most converge, the passer-by, as he halts for a moment, shall look up, not without some feeling of patriotic pride, to the two statues of Goldsmith and Burke."

It was peculiarly appropriate that the execution of the statue of Goldsmith should be entrusted to Mr. Foley, who, himself an Irishman, was eminently qualified to be the delineator of his distinguished countryman. Mr. Foley's statue is already familiar to many in this country from the casts of it which were shown in the International Exhibition of 1862, and in the gardens of the Horticultural Society, as well as from the publication of reduced copies by Messrs. Elkington. Lord Carlisle headed the subscription for the object which he had himself suggested by a donation of £100; the Queen and the late Prince Consort subscribed a similar sum, and additions promptly followed, not only from Ireland, but also from England, America, Australia, and even India. The result has been a truly admirable work of art, which is at once an ornament to the capital of Ireland and an appropriate tribute to the genius of one of the most eminent of her many distinguished sons. The statue is in bronze, and copies of it might fittingly be erected in London and other cities of the empire, for we have all a share in the fame of Goldsmith, though Ireland is entitled to the honour of giving him birth.

Goldsmith's exterior was not very prepossessing; his features were plain and his figure was ungainly. Altogether, he was an unpromising subject for an artist. Yet Sir Joshua Reynolds, who loved the child-hearted poet as a brother, has shown in the well-known portrait how the mind and character may be disclosed through the outer mask. Mr. Foley has taken this portrait for his authority,



OCCUPATION OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN: AUSTRIAN TROOPS CROSSING THE ELBE, NEAR HAMBURG.—SEE PAGE 53.



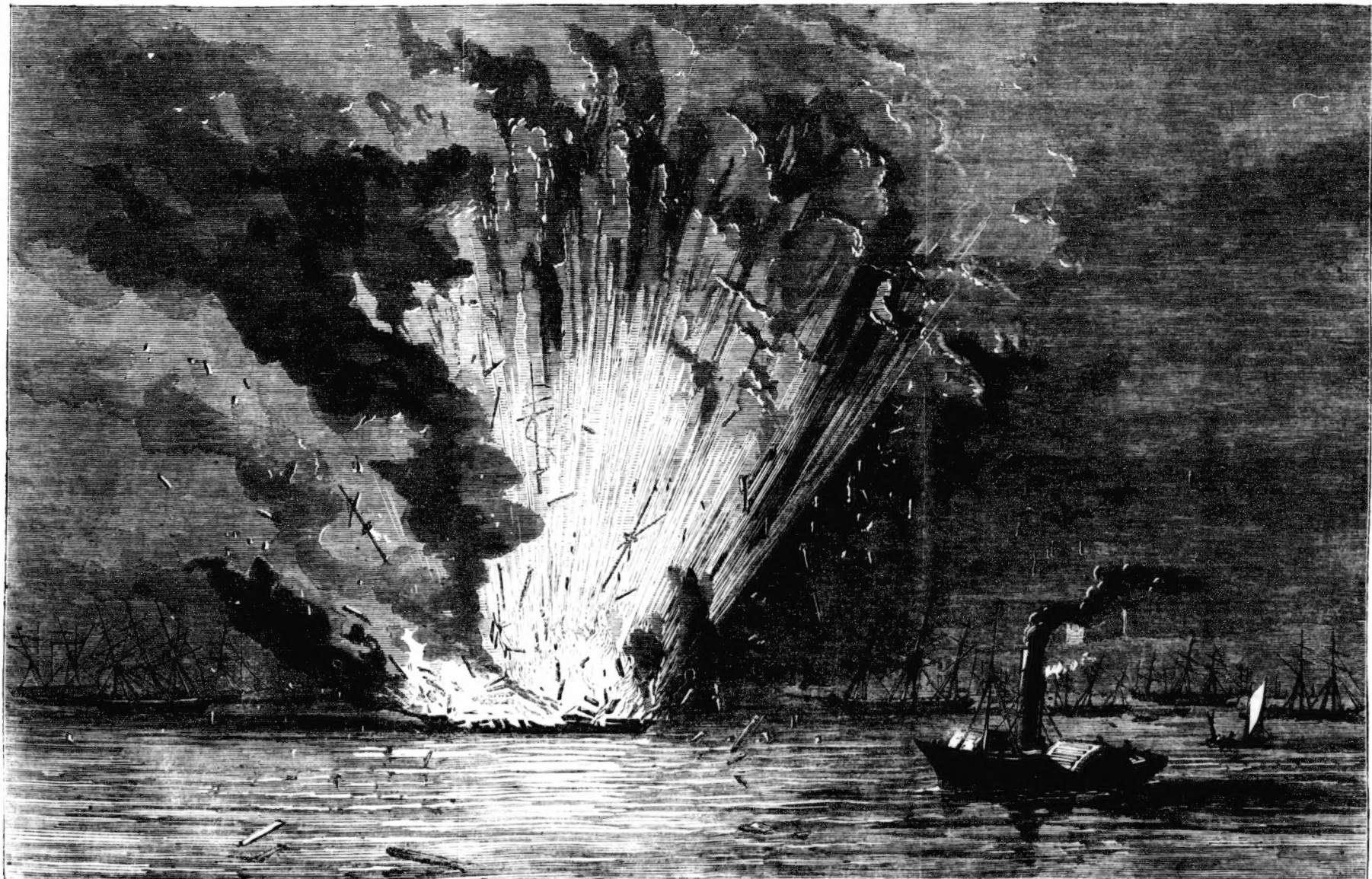
INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH IN THE QUADRANGLE OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.—(FROM A SKETCH BY PAUL GRAY.)

and faithfully translated the forms into the more complete modelling permitted by his material, at the same time reproducing its best characteristics of expression. In the attitude and the disengagement of the legs—permissible in the material of bronze—from any pile of books or what not, he has avoided all the usual conventionalities of

sculpture. The somewhat burly figure is given with so much knowledge of nature and ease of balance that it is infinitely more interesting than it would have been had there been any effort at elegance. The inclination of the head over a book, the expression of pausing thoughtfulness—as if waiting for a happy idea—and the pencil in the

right hand, serve the double purpose of recording the fact of the authorship of the original, and indicating, while at the same time legitimately accounting for, his natural habit of stooping.

The statue, which is 7 ft. 6 in. high, was cast by Messrs. Elkington, and stands on a granite pedestal of 8 ft. 6 in.



EXPLOSION OF GUNPOWDER ON BOARD THE BALQUE LOTY FLEISH IN THE MERSEY, AS SEEN FROM THE LANDING-STAGE—SEE PAGE 62.

OUR FEUILLETON.

A BASHFUL MAN'S COURTSHIP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. EDMOND ABOUT, WITH THE EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR.

I AM sure you would pass twenty times before Doctor Auvray's house without guessing that miracles were accomplished within. It is a modest habitation, almost hidden, without show, and without mark. There is not to be seen even on the door the general inscription "Maison de Santé." It is situated towards the end of the avenue Montaigne, between the Gothic palace of Prince Soltikoff and the gymnasium of the great professor who regenerates man by the trapezium. A gate painted in bronze opens upon a little garden of rose-trees and lilacs. The porter's lodge is at the left. The pavilion, at the right, contains the doctor's study and the apartments of his wife and daughter. The principal building is at the end; it turns its back upon the avenue, and all its windows open to the south-east upon a little park well studded with chestnut and lime trees. It is here that the doctor takes care of and often cures the insane. I would not introduce you there if there was any danger of meeting with all kinds of insanity. But there is no fear; you will not have the afflicting sight of imbecility, palsied idiocy, or even ordinary madness. M. Auvray has created for himself, as the saying is, a speciality: he treats monomania. He is an excellent man, full of learning and wit, half doctor, half philosopher, pupil of Esquirol and of Laromigière. If you ever meet him, with his bald head, his well-shaven chin, his black clothes, and fatherly countenance, you will not know whether he is a doctor, a professor, or a priest. When he opens his thick lips you know he is going to say to you, "My child!" His prominent but not repulsive eyes cast about them a broad look, clear and serene; they reveal a whole world of good thoughts; they are the windows of a beautiful mind. M. Auvray's vocation was decided when he was yet a student at the Salpêtrière. He there studied eagerly monomania—that curious aberration of the faculties of the mind which rarely explains itself by natural causes, which answers to no visible derangement of the nervous system, and is cured only by practical treatment. He was encouraged in his views by a young superintendent of the Pinel division, rather pretty, and well brought up. He fell in love with her, and as soon as he was made doctor he married her. This was a modest beginning in life. However, he had some little means, which he employed in founding the establishment of which you have just made the acquaintance. With a little quackery he would have made his fortune; but he was content with paying his way. He avoids fame, and when he obtains a wonderful cure he does not cry it out on the house-tops. His reputation has made itself almost without his knowing it. If proof be wanted, see his treatise on "Monomanie Raisonnable," published by Ballière, in 1842, and now in its sixth edition, without the author having sent a single copy to the newspapers. Certainly, to be modest of one's-self is good, but the modesty ought not to be carried too far. Mlle. Auvray has not more than twenty thousand francs dowry, and she will be twenty-two on the 30th of April.

It is now sixteen days (I think it was the 13th of December) since a hired carriage stopped before M. Auvray's gate. The coachman called out for admittance, and the door opened. The carriage drew up to the pavilion inhabited by the doctor, and two men hastily entered his study. The servant begged them to be seated and wait until the inspection was over. It was ten o'clock in the morning.

One of the strangers was a man of about fifty, tall, dark, sanguine, high-coloured, tolerably ugly, and particularly ill-formed, with ears pierced, and great thick hands, with enormous thumbs. Picture to yourself a labourer dressed in his master's clothes—this was M. Morlot.

His nephew, François Thomas, is a young man of twenty-three, difficult to describe, as he resembles all the world. He is neither tall nor short, neither made like a Hercules nor fashioned like a dandy, but middling in every way, modest from head to foot, with chestnut hair, and clothes, like his mind, of a middle colour. When he entered M. Auvray's he was much agitated. He walked about with a kind of rage; he could not rest quiet; he looked at fifty things at the same time, and would have touched everything had his hands not been tied.

"Calm yourself," said his uncle. "What I am doing is for your good. You will be happy here, and the doctor will cure you."

"I am not ill. Why have you tied me?"

"Because you would have thrown me through the carriage door. You have not your reason, my poor François. M. Auvray will restore it to you."

"I can reason as well as you can, uncle; and I don't know what you mean. I have a healthy mind, calm judgment, and an excellent memory. Would you like me to recite some verses? Must I explain some Latin? Here is a Tacitus in this bookcase. . . . If you prefer another experiment, I will solve a problem in arithmetic or geometry. . . . You don't wish it? . . . Very well. Listen to what we did this morning. You came at eight o'clock, not to awake me, since I was not asleep, but to drag me from my bed. I dressed myself without the help of Germain. You begged of me to go to Dr. Auvray's; I refused; you insisted; I got into a rage. Germain helped you to tie my hands. I shall dismiss him this evening. I owe him thirteen days' wages—that is to say, thirteen francs, as I had engaged him at thirty francs a month. You ought to give him some indemnification; through you he will have lost his Christmas boxes. Is not this reasoning? and do you still count upon making me pass for a fool? Ah, my dear uncle! return to better sentiments. Remember that my mother was your sister. What would she say, my poor mother, if she saw me here? I am not angry with you, and all may be amicably arranged. You have a daughter—Mlle. Claire Morlot."

"Ah! I have you! You see plainly that you have lost your head. I have a daughter, me? Why, I am a bachelor, and a real one!"

"You have a daughter?" mechanically replied François.

"My poor nephew! See here; listen. Have you a cousin?"

"A cousin? No, I have no cousin. Oh, you will not catch me tripping. I have no cousins."

"I am your uncle, is it not true?"

"Yes, you are my uncle, although you forgot it this morning."

"If I had a daughter, she would be your cousin. Now, you have no cousin; therefore, I have no daughter."

"You are right. . . . I had the happiness of seeing her this summer at the waters of Ems with her mother. I love her. I have reason to believe that I am not indifferent to her; and I have the honour of asking you for her hand."

"The hand of whom?"

"The hand of your daughter."

"Very well," thought the uncle Morlot. "M. Auvray will be skilful if he cures him. I shall pay six thousand francs for board out of my nephew's income. Take six from thirty, there remain twenty-four. I shall be rich. Poor François?"

M. Morlot sat down and opened a book at hazard.

"Place yourself there," said he to François. "I am going to read you something. Try to listen; it will calm you." He read:—

"Monomania is the obstinacy of one idea, the exclusive empire of passion. Its seat is in the heart; it is there that you must look for it and cure it. It is caused by love, fear, vanity, ambition, and remorse. It betrays itself by the same symptoms as passion; at one time by joy, gaiety, audacity, and noise; at others by timidity, sadness, and silence."

During the reading François appeared to become calm and drowsy; it was very warm in the doctor's study.

"Bravo!" thought M. Morlot; "already we see a marvel in medicine; it sends to sleep a man who is neither sleepy nor hungry."

François did not sleep; but he acted sleep to perfection. He nodded his head in time, and regulated mathematically the monotonous noise of his breathing. M. Morlot was quite deceived, and continued his reading with a low voice; then he yawned, left off reading, his book slipped from him; he shut his eyes and went asleep in earnest, to the great satisfaction of his nephew, who peered maliciously at him out of the corner of his eyes.

François next began by moving his chair; M. Morlot was as fixed as an oak. François walked about, making his boots creak; M.

Morlot began to snore. Then the fool went to the secrétaire, found a chisel, pushed it into a corner of the room, and propping it up firmly by the handle, cut the cord which bound his arms; he thus set himself free, and entered once more into the possession of his hands. Then, stifling a cry of joy, he crept step by step towards his uncle. In two minutes M. Morlot was firmly bound with the cord, but with so much gentleness that his sleep was not even disturbed. François admired his work, at the same time picking up the book which had fallen to the ground. It was the last edition of "Monomanie Raisonnable." He took it into a corner and read it, like a wise man, whilst awaiting the arrival of the doctor.

II.

I must, however, relate to you the antecedents of François and his uncle. François was the only son of a late toymaker of the Passage du Saumon, called M. Thomas. The toy trade is a good commerce; one gains a hundred per cent upon almost every article. Since the death of his father, François had that independence which is called honest, I suppose, because it enables us to dispense with base actions; perhaps, also, because it enables us to be obliging to our friends. He had thirty thousand francs income.

His tastes were extremely simple, as I think I have already told you. He had an innate preference for what did not shire, and naturally chose his gloves, waistcoat, and coats, from amongst those quiet colours which go between black and chestnut. He never dreamt of bright colours even during his tender childhood, and those bright objects which children most admire had never troubled his sleep. He carried no eyeglass, for the reason, said he, that he had very good eyes; nor any pin in his cravat, because his cravat fastened without a pin; but the fact is, he was afraid of making himself remarkable. The polish of his boots dazzled him. He would have been very much troubled if the hazard of birth had afflicted him with a remarkable name. If to finish him his godfather had called him Americ or Fernand he would never in his life have signed it. Happily, his names were as modest as if he had chosen them himself. His timidity prevented him from entering upon a career. After having crossed the threshold of bachelorhood, he leant against the great portal which leads to everything, and remained in contemplation before the seven or eight roads which were open to him. The Bar seemed too noisy for him, medicine too active, teaching too onerous, commerce too complicated, administration too slavish.

As to the army, he must not think of that. It was not that he was afraid of the enemy, but he trembled at the idea of the uniform. He held, then, to his first trade, not as the easiest, but as the most obscure. He lived on his income.

As he had not earned his money himself, he lent it willingly. In return for so rare a virtue, Heaven gave him a number of friends. He liked them all sincerely, and did as they wished with great goodwill. When he met one of them on the boulevard it was always he who let himself be taken by the arm and turned backwards or forwards at will. Observe, however, that he was neither silly, ignorant, nor shallow. He knew three or four living languages; he was master of Latin, Greek, and, in fact, all that is learnt at college; he had some idea of commerce, industry, agriculture, and literature; and he judged soundly upon a new book—when no one was present to hear him.

But it was with ladies that his weakness showed itself in full force. He was always in love; and if in the morning on opening his eyes he had not seen some glimmer of affection in the horizon, he would have risen cross and have infallibly put his stockings on the wrong side. When he went to a concert or a theatre he began by looking for a face that pleased him, and he became smitten for the evening. If he found one the performance was fine, the concert delicious, notwithstanding that all acted badly or sang false. His heart had sunk in horror of being unoccupied; that in the presence of a moderate beauty he tried all he could to find her perfect. You may guess without my telling you that this universal tenderness was not libertinism but innocence. He loved all women without letting them know it, for he had never dared to speak to one. He was the most candid and inoffensive of rôtés—a Don Juan, if you wish; but before his acquaintance with Donna Julia, when he loved he repeated to himself the most bold declarations which never passed beyond his lips. He made his courtship; he showed the depths of his heart; he followed up long discourses, charming colloquies of which he made the questions and answers. He formed speeches energetic enough to soften rocks, sufficiently warm to melt ice; but no woman had ever been pleased with his mute aspirations; it is necessary to *will* to be loved. There is a great difference between the wish and the will; the wish which glides softly in the clouds, the will which runs on foot amongst the stones; the one which trusts everything to chance, the other which expects nothing but from itself; the will which walks straight to its end across hedges, ditches, ravines, and mountains; the wish which remains stationary, and cries with its softer voice—

Glocher, glocher, arrive, on je suis mort!

However, in the month of August, four months before he tied his uncle's arms, François had dared to love openly. He had met at the waters of Ems a young lady almost as shy as himself, and whose shuddering timidity had given him courage. She was a Parisian, delicate and slight, pale as a peach that had ripened in the shade, fair as a beautiful child whose blue blood flows transparently under its skin. She accompanied her mother, who was obliged by delicate health to take the waters. The mother and daughter must have lived out of the world, as they regarded the noisy crowd of bathers with looks of astonishment. François was introduced to them by accident by a convalescent friend of his, who was going to Italy by way of Germany. He saw them continually during a month, and was almost their only companion. For tender souls a crowd is a great desert, and the more noise the crowd makes around them the more they retire into a corner to whisper into each other's ears. The young Parisian and her mother entered completely into François' heart. They discovered therein each day new treasures, like those first navigators who entered America; they trod with delight this mysterious and pure ground. They never inquired if he were rich or poor; they were satisfied to know that he was good, and nothing could have been more precious to them than this heart of gold. On his side, François was charmed with his metamorphosis. Have you ever heard how spring brings out everything in the gardens of Russia? Yesterday the snow covered the ground; to-day comes a ray of sunshine which puts winter to flight. At midday the trees are in blossom; in the evening they are covered with leaves; the next day they have almost fruit. It was thus that François' love flowered and ripened. His coldness and his constraint were carried off like the breaking up of frozen icicles; the bashful and faint-hearted child became a man in a few weeks. I don't know who it was first mentioned the word "marriage;" but what does it signify? It is always understood when two honest hearts speak of love. François was of age, and his own master; but she he loved was depending upon a father whose consent must be obtained. It was here that the timidity of the unfortunate young man took the ascendancy. Clara in vain repeated to him, "Write boldly. My father has been apprised; you will receive his consent by return of the messenger." He wrote and rewrote his letter more than a hundred times, without deciding to send it, although the task was easy, and one of which the most ordinary minds might have acquitted themselves with ease. François knew the name, the position, the fortune, and even the disposition of his future father-in-law. He had been made acquainted with all the family secrets; he was all but one of themselves. What, then, was there left for him to do? Only to indicate in a few words what he was and what he had. The answer was not doubtful. He hesitated for so long that, at the end of a month, Clara and her mother were driven into doubting him. I think they would have had another fifteen days' patience, but paternal wisdom would not allow it. If Clara loved, if her lover did not decide upon declaring formally his intentions, they must return to Paris without loss of time. Then, perhaps, M. François Thomas would make up his mind. In Paris he knew where to find her.

One morning, when François went to take the ladies for a walk, the master of the hotel informed him that they had left for France. Their apartments were already occupied by an English family. Such a

blow, falling unexpectedly upon so weak a head, took away the reason of its owner. He left like a madman, and commenced looking for Clara in every place where he had been in the habit of taking her. He returned home with a violent headache, which he took care of Heaven only knows how. He had himself nursed; he took baths of boiling water; he had applications of fierce sinapisms; he vented upon his body the sufferings of his soul. When he thought himself cured he left for France, fully decided to ask the hand of Clara before even changing his clothes. He flew to Paris, he jumped out of the carriage, forgot his baggage, got into a cab, and cried to the driver, "To her house, and as fast as you can!"

"Where is that, Sir?"

"At Mr. —, the street . . . I forget now."

He had forgotten the name and address of her he loved. "I will drive home," thought he; "I shall find it there." He gave his card to the driver, who took him home.

His servant was an old man without children, called Emmanuel. On seeing him François bowed profoundly and said,

"Sir, you have a daughter, Mlle. Clara Emmanuel. I intended writing to you to ask her hand; but I thought it fit to make this demand in person."

It was at once seen that he was out of his mind; and his uncle, of the Faubourg Saint Antoine, was immediately sent for.

His uncle Morlot was one of the most honest men of the Rue de Charonne, which is one of the longest in Paris. He manufactured ancient furniture with ordinary talent and with an extraordinary conscience. He was not one of those who would sell blackened pear-tree wood for ebony, or deliver a leather trunk of his own manufacture as an article of *moyen âge*. And yet he knew as well as others the art of cracking new wood and making it look worm-eaten. But he had made it his moral and legal principle never to do wrong to any one. By a moderation almost absurd in the manufacture of luxuries, he limited his profits to five per cent upon the general expenses of his house; therefore he had gained more esteem than money. When he made out a bill he would make the calculation three times over for fear of being deceived into giving himself any advantage.

After thirty years of this trade he was about as rich as when he had finished his apprenticeship; he had earned his living like the most humble of his workmen, and he asked himself, with some slight jealousy, how M. Thomas had managed to accumulate his fortune. If his brother-in-law looked down upon him with the vanity of an upstart, he looked down on his brother-in-law from a greater height, with the pride of a man who had not wished to succeed. He draped himself superbly in his mediocrity, and said with a surly, plebeian look, "At least I am sure of having to thank no one."

Man is a strange animal; I am not the first who has said it. This excellent M. Morlot, whose exaggerated honesty amused all the faubourg, felt in the depths of his heart an agreeable sensation when he heard of the illness of his nephew. He heard an insinuating voice which whispered to him—"If François is mad, you will become his tutor." Honesty hastened to answer—"It will not make us richer." "How so?" replied the voice. "The boarding of an insane person never cost thirty thousand francs a year. Besides, we are taking trouble; we are neglecting our business; we deserve compensation; we do harm to no one."—"But," replied disinterestedness, "one owes one's-self to one's family." "Truly!" murmured the voice. "Then, why has your family never done anything for you? You have had moments of embarrassment, times when it was difficult to pay. Neither your nephew, nor his late father, ever thought of you." "Bah!" cried goodnature, "it will be nothing; it is a false alarm, François will be well in two days." "Perhaps, too," followed up the obstinate voice, "it may kill him, and you will inherit without injury to anyone. You have worked thirty years for nothing; who knows but the blow fallen upon the head of this madcap may not make your fortune?"

The old man shut his ears; but they were so large, so full, so nobly widened in the shape of a trumpet, that the small voice, cunning and persevering, always glided in in spite of him. The house in the Rue Charonne was confided to his assistant; he took up his winter-quarters in the fine apartments of his nephew. He slept in a good bed, and was well content. He sat down to an excellent table, and the cramps in his stomach, of which he had complained for very many years, were cured as if by enchantment. He was attended on, dressed, and shaven by Germain, and got accustomed to it. Little by little he consoled himself for the sight of his sick nephew, and made up his mind that François would never, perhaps, get well. He only occasionally repeated to himself, as if to clear his conscience: "I am doing harm to no one." At the end of three months he wearied of having a fool in his quarters, for he fancied himself at home. The perpetual raving of François and his mania for asking for Clara in marriage appeared to him an intolerable plague; he resolved to clear the house and to shut up the fool at M. Auvray's. "After all," said he, "my nephew will be better taken care of, and I shall be more quiet. Science has acknowledged that it is good to take fools change of air that they may have distraction. I am doing my duty." It was thinking thus that he fell asleep, when François resolved to tie his hands. What a waking up!

III.

The Doctor entered making excuses. François rose, replaced his book upon the secrétaire, and explained his business with great volubility, walking about with large strides. "Sir," said he, "this is my uncle, on the mother's side; I wish to confide him to your care. You see he is a man of about forty-five or fifty, inured to manual exertion and to the privations of a laborious life; for the rest, born of healthy parents, of a family in which no one had ever seen a case of mental alienation. You will therefore not have to fight against an hereditary malady. His disease is the most curious monomania that you have ever had occasion to observe; he passes with incredible rapidity from extreme gaiety to extreme sadness; it is a singular mixture of so-called monomania and melancholy."

"He has not quite lost his reason?"

"No, Sir, he is not an idiot; he is not unreasonable but upon one point: and he quite belongs to your speciality."

"What is the character of his malady?"

"Alas, Sir, the character of the age—cupidity. The poor patient is a man of the time. After having worked all his life, he finds himself without fortune. My father, who started from the same point, has left me considerable property. My dear uncle begun by being jealous; then he thought that, being my only relation, he would be my heir in case of death and my tutor in case of madness; and, as a weak mind easily believes what it wishes, the unfortunate man persuaded himself that I had lost my head. He told this to every one; he will tell it to you. In the carriage, although his hands were tied, he fancied that it was himself who was taking me here."

"From what time dates the first attack?"

"About three months. He came to my house, and said, with a scared manner, to my servant, 'Sir, you have a daughter. . . . Leave her, and come and help me to tie my nephew's hands.'"

"Does he think well of his condition? Does he know that he is ill?"

"No, Sir; and I think it a good sign. I must tell you, moreover, that he has notable derangements in his way of living. He has completely lost his appetite, and is subject to great sleepiness."

"So much the better; as a madman who eats and sleeps regularly is all but incurable. Let me awake him."

M. Auvray gently shook the sleeper's shoulder, who started to his feet. His first impulse was to rub his eyes. When he found his hands tied he guessed what had happened during his sleep, and burst out laughing. "What a joke!" said he.

François drew the doctor aside. "You see! Very well, in five minutes he will be furious."

"Leave it to me. I know how to manage them." The doctor smiled at the patient as one does to a child that one wishes to amuse.

"My friend," said he, "you are awake early. Have you had pleasant dreams?"

"Me! I have not dreamt. I laugh at seeing myself tied like a bundle. One would suppose it was I who was the fool."

"There!" said François.

"Have the goodness to disencumber me, doctor; I will explain myself better when I am at my ease."

"My child, I will untie you, but you promise to be very good?"

"Ah, now, Sir, do you really take me for a fool?"

"No my friend, but you are ill. We will take care of you—we will cure you. There! your hands are free; don't misemploy them."

"What the devil would you have me do?" I brought you my nephew."

"Very well," said M. Auvray; "we will speak of that by and by. I found you asleep. Do you often go to sleep during the day?"

"Never! It was that stupid book."

"Oh, oh!" said the doctor; "the case is grave. So you believe your nephew to be a fool?"

"Fit to be restrained, Sir. And the proof is, that I felt obliged to tie his hands with this rope."

"But it was you who had your hands tied. Do you not remember that I have just untied them?"

"It was me—it was he. Now let me explain to you the whole business."

"Hush! my friend. You are becoming excited; you are very red. I will not have you fatigue yourself. Content yourself with answering my questions. You say your nephew is ill?"

"Mad! mad! mad!"

"And you are pleased to see him mad?"

"Me?"

"Answer me frankly. You do not wish him to get well. Is it not so?"

"Why?"

"That his fortune may remain in your hands. You want to be rich? It annoys you to have worked so long without making your fortune? You think your turn has come?"

M. Morlot did not answer. He had his eyes fixed on the ground. He was asking himself if it was not all a bad dream, and he tried to unravel all that was real in this story of tied hands, this examination, and the questioning of this unknown who read his conscience like an open book.

"Does he hear voices?" asked M. Auvray.

The poor uncle felt his hair stand on end. He remembered that obstinate voice which had whispered in his ear, and he answered mechanically, "Sometimes."

"Ah! he is hallucinated."

"Not at all! I am not ill! Let me out! I shall lose my head here. Ask all my friends; they will tell you that I have all my reason. Feel my pulse; you will see I am not feverish."

"Poor uncle!" said François, "he knows not that madness is a delirium without fever."

"Sir," added the doctor, "if we could give fever to our patients we would cure them all."

M. Morlot threw himself in his armchair. His nephew continued to walk up and down the doctor's study.

"Sir," said François, "I am profoundly afflicted with my uncle's misfortune; but it is a great consolation for me to be able to confide him to a man such as you. I have read your admirable book on 'Monomanie Raisonnable'; it is the most remarkable work of its kind that has been written since the 'Traité des Maladies Mentales,' by the great Esquirol. It is but a few days since I breakfasted in the guardroom of the Salpêtrière with the students. I have a college friend there, whom you perhaps know, M. Ravin."

"I have heard speak of him as a young doctor of great promise."

"All those gentlemen assured me that if my uncle could be cured it would be by you. I know, besides, that you are a father to your patients; I will not, therefore, insult you by recommending to your care M. Morlot; and, as to the charge for his board, I leave it entirely to you." He drew from his portfolio a note of a thousand francs, which he quickly laid on the mantelpiece. "I shall have the honour of presenting myself here in the course of next week. At what hour is it permitted to visit the patients?"

"From twelve to two. As for me, I am always at home. Adieu, Sir."

"Stop him!" cried M. Morlot. "Do not let him leave. It is he who is mad. I will explain his madness to you."

"Be calm, dear uncle," said François, as he retired. "I leave you in M. Auvray's hands; he will take every care of you."

M. Morlot tried to run after his nephew; the doctor held him back. "What a fatality!" cried the poor uncle; "he says nothing silly. If he would only speak a little nonsense you would then see it is not I who am the fool." François already held the handle of the door, but returned as if he had forgotten something, walked straight up to the doctor, and said, "Sir, the illness of my uncle is not the only motive which brings me here."

"Ah ah!" murmured M. Morlot, who saw a glimmer of hope.

The young man continued: "You have a daughter?"

"At last!" cried the poor uncle, "you are a witness that he said, you have a daughter." The doctor answered François, "Yes, Sir, explain yourself."

"You have a daughter, Mlle. Clara Auvray? There she is! there she is! I told you right."

"Yes, Sir," said the doctor.

"She was three months ago, at the waters of Ems with her mother?"

"Bravo! bravo!" roared M. Morlot.

"Yes, Sir," answered M. Auvray.

M. Morlot ran to the doctor and said, "You are not the doctor; you are a boarder in the house."

"My friend," answered the doctor, "if you are not good we will give you a douche bath."

M. Morlot drew back with horror. His nephew continued,

"Sir, I love your daughter. I have some hope of being loved; and, providing that her sentiments have not changed since the month of September, I have the honour to ask you for her hand."

The doctor answered, "It is, then, to M. François Thomas that I have the honour of speaking?"

"To himself, Sir; and I ought to have begun by giving you my name."

"Sir, allow me to tell you that you have been long expected."

At this moment the attention of the doctor was attracted by M. Morlot, who was rubbing his hands with a kind of rage.

"What is the matter, my friend?" he asked with his kind fatherly voice.

"Nothing, nothing; I only rub my hands."

"And what for?"

"There is something which annoys me."

"Show me—I can see nothing."

"Don't you see? There, there, between my fingers. I see it well."

"What do you see?"

"My nephew's fortune. Take it away, doctor. I am an honest man; I wish nothing from any one."

Whilst the doctor listened attentively to the first ramblings of M. Morlot, a strange revolution took place in M. François. He got pale, he was cold, his teeth chattered with violence. M. Auvray returned to him to ask what was the matter.

"Nothing," said he. "She comes, I hear her; it is joy. . . . But I am quite overcome. Happiness falls on me like snow. The winter will be rigorous for lovers. Doctor, see what is the matter with my head."

M. Morlot ran to him, crying, "Enough! don't talk any more nonsense. I wish you no longer to be a fool. One would think it was me who had robbed you of your reason. I am honest. Doctor, look at my hands; search in my pockets; send to my house, Rue de Cheronne, in the Faubourg St. Antoine; open all the drawers; you will see I have nothing belonging to any one!"

The doctor was feeling very much embarrassed between his two patients, when a door opened, and Clara came to tell her father that breakfast was on the table. François rose by a sudden impulse; but it was an effort of the mind alone. He fell back heavily upon the armchair. It was with difficulty he murmured a few words, "Clara! It is I. I love you. Will you . . . ?" He drew his hand across his forehead. His pale face became crimson. His temples beat with force; he felt over his brow a violent compression. Clara, more dead than alive, took hold of his two hands; his skin was dry and his pulse so hard that the poor girl was terrified. It was not thus she had hoped to see him. In a short time a yellowish tint spread about his nostrils, and he became sick. M. Auvray recognized all the symptoms of a bilious fever. "How unfortunate," said he, "that this fever has not fallen to his uncle; it would have cured him!"

He rang. The servant came; then M. Auvray, whom François hardly recognised, he was so much overcome. The patient must be put to bed without a moment's delay. Clara offered her room

and her bed. It was a charming little school-girl couch with white curtains; a dainty little room, chastely coquettish, hung with pink chintz, and adorned with large heaths in bluish vases of porcelain. On the mantelpiece was a large cup in onyx: it was the only present Clara had received from her lover. If you ever have the fever, dear reader, I wish you such another infirmity.

Whilst their first cares were given to François, his enraged uncle moved about the room, stopping the doctor, embracing the patient, seizing M. Auvray's hand, and bawling, "Save him! Quick! quick! I will not have him die! I will prevent his death! I have a right! I am his uncle and his tutor! If you do not cure him it will be said that I killed him. You are a witness that I do not want his inheritance. I give all his wealth to the poor. A glass of water, if you please, that I may wash my hands!"

He was transferred to the Maison de Santé. There he became so agitated that it was found necessary to put on him a straight waistcoat. The overseers of the infirmary took care of him.

M. Auvray and her daughter looked after François with tenderness, although the details of the treatment were not always the most agreeable; but the delicate sex take pleasure in heroism. You will tell me that these two women saw in their patient a son-in-law and a husband; but I believe that had he been a stranger he would have lost nothing. Salut Vincent de Paul invented but a uniform; for there is in all women, of no matter what rank or age, the material for a Sister of Charity.

Sitting night and day in a room full of fever, the mother and daughter employed their moments of repose in talking together of their recollections and hopes. They could not explain to each other François's long silence or his sudden return, nor the occasion which had taken him to the Avenue Montaigne. If he loved Clara, how was it they heard nothing of him for three months? Was it necessary that he should have waited for the illness of his uncle as a means of introducing himself to M. Auvray? If he had forgotten his love, why had he not taken his uncle to another doctor?—there are plenty to be found in Paris. Perhaps he had thought himself cured of his passion, until the appearance of Clara had undeceived him? But that could not be, since before seeing her he had asked her in marriage. To all these questions it was François who answered in his ravings. Clara, bending over him, eagerly collected his slightest words; she commented upon them with her mother and the doctor, who was not long in guessing at the truth. For a man accustomed to unravel the most confused ideas, and to read the minds of madmen like a half-effaced book, feverish ravings are intelligible, and the most confused delirium is not without light. They soon found out that he had lost his reason, and under what circumstances; they even understood how he had been the innocent cause of his uncle's illness.

Then commenced for Mlle. Auvray a new phase of fears. François had been out of his mind; the terrible crisis which she had unknowingly provoked, would it cure the patient? The doctor assured her that the fever would decide it—that is to say, put an end to the madness. However, there is no rule without an exception, particularly in medicine. Suppose he was cured, would there not be reason to fear a relapse? M. Auvray would be content to give his daughter to one of his patients? "For my part," would Clara say, smiling, "I am afraid of nothing; I would risk it. It was I who caused all his troubles; is it not my duty to console him? After all, his madness reduces itself into asking for my hand. He will have nothing more to ask from the day I become his wife; we have nothing, therefore, to fear. The poor child was only ill from excess of love. Make him well, dear father, but not too well. Let him remain foolish enough to love me as I love him."

"We will see," answered M. Auvray. "Wait till the fever is past. If he is ashamed and grieved at having been ill—if I find him sad and melancholy after his recovery—I will answer for nothing. If, on the contrary, he remembers his illness without shame or regret, if he speaks of it with resignation, if he sees without repugnance those who have tended him, I will fear no relapse."

"Ah, father! why should he be ashamed of having loved to excess? It is a noble and generous madness which would never enter a little mind. And how could he have a repugnance for those who had tended him? It was us!"

After six days of delirium an abundant perspiration carried off the fever, and the patient became convalescent. When he found himself in a strange room between M. Auvray and Mlle. Auvray, his first idea was that he was still at the Hotel des Quatre Saisons, in the grand street of Ems. His weakness, his thinness, and the presence of a doctor brought him back to other thoughts; he remembered vaguely. The doctor came to his assistance. He gave him to understand the truth, but with prudence, just as they measure out nourishment to a person enfeebled by want of food. François began by listening to his history as a romance, wherein he played no part; he was another man, quite a new being, and he arose from the fever as if from the tomb. Little by little the gaps in his memory were filled up. His brain was full of empty cavities, which filled up one by one without check. He soon became master of his mind, and entered into possession of the past. His cure was a work of science, and, above all, a work of patience. It was here that the paternal care of M. Auvray was to be admired. This excellent man had the genius of gentleness. On the 25th of December, François, sitting on his bed, fortified with chicken broth and half the yolk of an egg, related without trouble and without wandering, without shame or regret, and without any other emotion than quiet joy, the history of the last three months. Clara and M. Auvray wept whilst listening to him. The doctor appeared as if he were taking notes or writing from dictation, but something besides ink fell upon his paper.

When the convalescent had finished his account, he added, by way of conclusion:—

"To-day, Dec. 25, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I said to my excellent doctor and my well-beloved father, M. Auvray, whose street or number I shall never again forget, 'Sir, you have a daughter, Mlle. Clara Auvray; I met her this summer at the waters of Ems, with her mother. I love her; she has sufficiently proved to me that she loves me; and, if you are not afraid of my again falling ill, I have the honour to ask you for her hand.'"

The doctor only gave a little nod, but Clara put her arms round the neck of the patient and kissed him on the forehead. I wish for no other answer when I make the same demand.

On that day M. Morlot arose more calm, and freed from his straight waistcoat. On getting out of bed he took his slippers, turned and twisted them about, carefully searched them, then, handing them to the overseer of the infirmary, begged of him to see that they did not contain thirty thousand francs of income. It was after this only that he decided upon putting them on. He would comb his hair during a good half hour, whilst repeating, "I will not have people say that my nephew's fortune has got into my head." He shook each of his garments out of window after having searched them in every fold. When dressed he asked for a pencil and wrote upon the walls of his room—

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods.

Then he commenced rubbing his hands with incredible vivacity, in order to convince himself that François's fortune was not attached to them. He scratched his fingers with his pencil in counting them from the first to the tenth, so much was he afraid of missing one. When M. Auvray made his daily visit to him he fancied himself in the presence of a Judge, and instantly asked to be searched. The doctor made himself recognised, and told him that François was cured. The poor man asked if the money had been found. "Since my nephew is going to leave here," said he, "he must have his money; where is it? I have not got it, unless it is in my bed!" And he overturned his bed so quickly that there was no time to prevent him. When the doctor shook hands with him on leaving he rubbed his hand with scrupulous care. When his breakfast was brought to him he began by examining his napkin, his glass, his knife, and his plate, at the same time repeating that he did not wish to eat his nephew's fortune. His repast finished, he washed his hands with a great deal of water. "The fork is in silver," said he. "Suppose there should remain some silver on my hands!"

M. Auvray did not despair of curing him, but it would require time. It is more especially in the summer and during the autumn that doctors cure disease of the mind.

THE HOURS A.M. AND P.M. IN LONDON.

ONE O'CLOCK A.M.—ONE O'CLOCK P.M.

IN my village—or rather in the village where I live, for the village is not mine; if it were I should give up authorship and turn tyrant, immediately doubling the rents and heavily fining every ugly woman in the place—in the village where I live, I repeat, there resides a family which ought to be healthy, wealthy, and wise; for they go to *coucher* at nine p.m. every night and their chimney may any morning be seen smoking by four o'clock, true Dutch-clock time. This does seem to me such an unnatural, birds-of-the-air and boasts-of-the-field existence, that, for the life of me, I cannot make up my mind whether to admire or despise this family—whether to reverence them as philosophers or laugh at them for fools. Once—a long time ago—I got up at five on a cold morning to catch a train (poor sport), and on that occasion I visited my early birds opposite to see what they were doing, for my evil nature had often—perhaps in jealousy of their virtue—suggested that my neighbours must either be comers of bad money or workers at an illicit still. So superhuman did this early rising appear to me, that I naturally concluded that vice alone could stimulate them to such exertions. I remember that my stomach on that cold five o'clock morning was out of order, tetchy, like an awakened child sulky for want of more sleep, and very spiteful; but they of this humble homestead were eating with smacking lips and hungry eyes, and sipping hot coffee greedily, as if the meal were behind time and long wanted. I felt poorly as I beheld the slices go down and disappear as fast as posting letters, for I could not have eaten a robin's crumb, and even my eyes could not digest the sight of the food they swallowed. I knew as well as if my glass were before me that my face was of the watery, sickly hue of a thin slice of cucumber, and it made me revengeful because these breakfasters were as fresh and wholesome as fancy portraits. I tried to laugh and joke, but my efforts were unavailing, and I spoke like a man with a bad taste in his mouth, my dry lips apart and the teeth showing, screwing up my features and breathing loudly; whilst these good hardworkers answered me with fresh voices in wholesome condition, and talking and laughing, to them, was but the frolicking of brains refreshed. On that morning I thought I had made a discovery, and wrote notes. Deeply impressed with the virtue of early rising, I went to the extreme of elevated feeling, and professed to be disgusted with all sluggards then lying in bed, and resolved to publish my new-born morality. I purposely missed my train that I might indulge in visits to several friends whose shaving time was between ten and eleven. It added years to my term to be able to shout out at the bedroom doors, "What! Not dressed yet? Why, I have been up and out since five!"

Upon my word, I cannot make out why virtue should always be described as such an early bird. Yet, were I to be called upon to describe the imaginary existence of a perfect and intensely upright man, I somehow or other should feel that I should not be doing my duty unless I tucked him up comfortably between the blankets by ten, at the latest; and, I should have him up again, washed, combed, and with a clean collar, in time to call the cocks. Yet think of the horrors of breakfast by candlelight! Ought a good man to undergo such sufferings? How could a good man wish his child "Good-morning!" when he had but just put down the sufferers? Fancy taking the light to the door to see what kind of a day it is! My early birds opposite burn few candles at night, but their four o'clock a.m. breakfasts make sad havoc with their bunches of short sixpences. The arguments of good housewives concerning the saving of coals do not apply to them, for their grate glows for seventeen out of the twenty-four hours, and gobbles up tons where my register modestly consumes its hundredweights. I really cannot comprehend why seeing the sun rise should be considered the acme of human morality; but so it is proclaimed by the legion of parents, and so the preachers declare. An idea strikes me that the sages who established this law were men advanced in years, and, as old age cannot sleep in the morning, the solitude of these early hours became inconvenient; so, to have company on awakening, early rising was classed with the virtues, and early breakfasts thus secured. There is no man or woman so abusive of sluggards as those who cannot sleep. They are the cruellest of persecutors. They will shake a fellow-being out of the glorious unconsciousness of slumber with no greater compunction than they will stir a dull fire. They may snap the fairy tale of a dream, and wipe away the intricate improbabilities of delicious brain-wanderings; and for what? To tell you that breakfast is waiting. A man who called himself my friend once roused me from a sweet slumber, giving as his excuse for the brutal act that I snored. And what did I do to that man! Why, I struck him! Some time since I read in a newspaper the wretched story of a hanging-morning, and it was stated that the culprit had slept so long and soundly that, for fear the hangman might be kept waiting, it was necessary to awaken the dozing dreamer. From that moment I raised a mighty shriek for the abolition of capital punishment.

Who can lay down a rule for day working and night sleeping? Why should not the pleasures of darkness be as much respected as the delights of sunshine? We have but a few years allotted to us by even the most indulgent actuaries, and why miss any pleasure that can sweeten the rough flavour of the world's ways? Let the early bird catch its worm and be grateful, but also permit the late bird to enjoy its refreshing mouse. The lark relishes its mouthful, and the owl (type of wisdom) picks its murine delicacy. Shun evil companions and never lose your latchkey. Be moderate in your libations, and, though insured beyond your real value, carefully put out the candle. The man whose easy circumstances permit him to engrave on his doorplate "office hours from twelve to four" may indulge in moonlight pleasures and wear the white cravat, yet still be the upright citizen; and he whose bread and cheese taps at the chamber door by four a.m. may whistle at the plough's tail and never be a better man for early bed. There are enjoyments of the night and pleasures of the day, and up to the present time the majority of the inhabitants, by general acclamation, incline to those delights which begin when the gas is turned on at the main and every office door is locked until to-morrow.

To compare the hours of day and night, and the comfort they bring, I will begin with one o'clock, in the full sunlight, and select as my example a highly respectable family living in great style, not far from Eaton-square, and so select in their acquaintance that they receive nobody but carriage people and distinguished foreigners. To make certain of this family's respectability, they shall keep a hall porter, which I consider to be the *ne plus ultra* of gentility. When this family goes out of town, it is a sight to witness the brass-bound plate-chests that are lifted by the gorgeous footmen into the greengrocer's van to be carried to the banker's. This family is so proud of itself that its crest figures on every plate, cup, and dish which the family uses; also on the knife-handles, toilet services, and the family Bible. This family is professional in its walk in life, and is prepared to take its solemn oath that it never has been in trade; and in such abhorrence does it regard everything connected with commerce and the vulgar City wretches. Once a brewer did, somehow, smuggle himself into their Wednesday evening reception, carefully concealing his hated calling; but the cool and quiet manner in which he was "out" as soon as detected was a caution to Liquorpond-street. The lady has herself been heard to say that she has no personal antipathy to merchants, provided they sail plenty of their own ships and are in Parliament; neither does she entirely object to bankers, if they be very rich and very intimate with the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but with your cottons, sugars, and hardware wretches she emphatically repudiates all connection. Her very footmen hate people in trade, and one of them carried his animosity so far as to leave his situation, owing a neighbouring publican a heavy bill for stimulants and prime havannahs.

The high-spirited lady who presides over this establishment is the mother of several elegant children, all young, but, thank goodness! all healthy and handsomely provided for—the fortune she brought her dear husband being settled on herself and progeny; so that, let the worst come to the worst, he cannot touch a penny of her money. The great joy of this lady is to witness the rise and development



MACKIEWICZ'S LAST BATTLE: BOUT OF RUSSIANS AT SWIETOBROSCIA, IN THE DISTRICT OF KOWNO.—(FROM A SKETCH BY H. DEJAKOWSKI.)—SEE PAGE 50.



ONE O'CLOCK A.M.: SUPPER TIME.



ONE O'CLOCK P.M.: THE NURSERY DINNER.

of her babes. She has pathetic stories to tell of Adeline's back tooth and convulsions, of Victoria's high shoulders and callisthenics, and of Albert's twisted leg and rums. Mothers listen to her by the hour, and wonder how she has survived her children's sufferings. To protect and perfect the darlings, a head governess and a head nurse devote their minds to everything, including washing-nights and universal history. The sanitary condition of those babes, and the state of their appetites, is the all-permeating anxiety of the affectionate mamma. Early in the forenoon the under footman is sent post-haste to the nursery to inquire whether Master Leopold eat *all* his bread and milk; presently the same long-legged attendant is dispatched afterwards, with "Missus's compliments, and please not to forget Miss Victoria's tonic." Later, nurse is summoned and cross-questioned as to the entire flock, their coughs, their bruises, their clothes, their medicine, and, above all, their appetites. So long as they can eat their five meals a day, the mother's spirit rests in peace; but if they could manage a sixth she would be in an ecstacy of

delight. If Leo consumes three slices for breakfast, Mamma's eyes fill with tears of joy, and she exclaims, "Three entire slices! Bless him!" On being told that Adeline woke in the night and cried for cake, the maternal gratitude explodes with a "Clever little pet! I have great hopes of that sweet child, nurse!" It is, however, when the hour for dinner approaches that the entire household is made to feel the importance of the young mouths about to feed. At twenty minutes to one o'clock every day Tomkins, the head footman, emerges from his pantry, splendidly dressed and powdered for the afternoon, and taking with him a handsome hand-bell, he (looking something like a well-dressed dandy) proceeds to the back area and rings vigorously for the nursery to prepare for dinner. Down go the boots and slates, the little hands and faces are washed, untidy heads are smoothed and fresh partings seen to, and little frocks are pulled down with jerks over podgy little waists. At one o'clock, precisely Tomkins, with military punctuality, once more seizes the bell, and, as it sends forth its tinnings, the under

footman may be perceived ascending, with rapid strides and a careful eye for spilled gravy, the back staircase, bearing a covered dish of noble portions and leaving behind a lascivious smell of roast mutton. If the under footman is behind his time with the noble dish, the mother, who is on the look-out for any treason in her service, rings *her* bell and requests to be informed "what accident has occurred to delay the nursery service?" Is it not excusable for a doting parent to love the sight of her pets eating their little dinners and enjoying themselves to their little stomachs' content? It is sweetly affecting to hear her love burst forth in homely advice. When Leopold insists on devouring nothing but meat, she cunningly essays to lure him towards the vegetables by complimentary exhortations—"Now a little potato, my darling!—such nice potato!—such a pretty potato for a pretty boy!" To Victoria, who is a fine growing girl and inclined to gluttony, she addresses sterner counsel—"Do not eat so fast, child, but thoroughly masticate one piece before you take another; and less straining of the eyes when you swallow, I beg." When young Albert puts his knife

in his mouth mamma shudders with horror, and shrieks to the governess, "Take it away, Miss Mills, take it away, before the sweet innocent kills himself!" Miss Mills is a straight-backed, graceful creature, with splendid hair—brown sherry colour—and a face that would cure the toothache—ha, ha—in an instant. The children love her, but never hesitate to remind her, when she endeavours to be commanding, that she is only a governess. She is a delicate, timid creature, and frightened to death of Leopold when he kicks. Even Albert, the sweet baby boy, can thrash her. Long since would she have received her quarter's notice, through being a "perfect fool and a poor and useless thing;" but her sweet face has saved her, for the last governess had a squint, and mamma vows that Leopold caught it of her, and to save that cherub Albert from the visitations of a cock-eye it had been resolved to submit the infant's favour to the influence of the sweetest face that went out teaching, in the hope that beauty might

be catching, and the boy turn out uncommonly elegant and superior. Miss Mills is pretty—so pretty that my lady's brother frequently met his little nephews and nieces when out walking in the park; and Tomkins—the head footman—a man of sufficient substance to relish the *Times*' money article, has vowed and declared that "if he'd have him he was willing and good to take a house and put her behind the handsomest bar in England to draw the gents."

But for that naughty boy Albert, the existence of Miss Mills might pass comfortably; but he destroys all her happiness by his savage disposition; and screams, and kicks, and bites, and scratches, and pinches, and spits in a thoroughly vicious and manslaundering manner. He has such a voice that, when in a passion, his yells are heard all over the house, and mamma's bell rings violently, and footmen are sent flying, and doors slam to, until Miss Mills trembles with fear, and her heart beats like a knocking at the wall. This rebellious treasure wants everything he sees; he roars for the lucifer matches, the ink-bottle, his best frock; the cat on the roof, over the way; the red-hot poker, his sisters' thimbles, and the scissors to play "at hairdressers with"—which means cutting off Miss Mills's beautiful tresses—the heathen infant! One day he nearly brought on convulsions through his wishes being very properly thwarted; and Miss Mills was quite right in refusing to let him have the dish-cover (melon pattern, electro-plated) for a game at boats, it being neither a pretty nor an improving sight to behold an infant curled up in a kitchen utensil, no matter how cleverly he might roll about the floor to illustrate the difficulties and dangers of navigation.

Such are the household cares that daylight brings. To the married, how interesting; to the single, how suggestive! We will now turn to the night side of clock time.

When the sky is dark a burning rushlight is better than a set sun. Bless the gas that shines upon you, and be happy. Now, away with business; no counting-house looks or anxious faces; the banks are shut, the post closed, and all the babies in bed. Now for a jolly night of it; and in the morning we will calmly consider whether it is better to rise early and lengthen the toiling day, or wiser to be late to bed and late to rise, and find on waking that the strife and toil of the working world is ended, and pleasure, peace, and contentment the blessings which prevail.

To-night Mrs. Colonel Merrimac gives a party, and four hundred dancers have been asked to dress in their best, and skip about the drawing-room, and fall in love, and flirt. They are coming! they are coming! In the distant streets wheels rattle, and broughams with lighted lamps crowd into the square from all directions. The linkmen are busy flourishing their lanterns and shouting, to make the givers of shillings believe the work is hard; slamming to the carriage doors with explosive noise, and plying the knocker with a force which threatens inch oak and staggers the hall porter, who, not a foot away, stands expectant by the latch. Airy dresses of summer-cloud tissue, that spread out into floating masses as they emerge from the bandbox carriages; skirts so vapourish and overdoing that opening the brougham doors seems like drawing the cork of well-bottled ale; for the white foam of crepe and silk gushes forth and floats across the pavement, leaving the beholder to wonder how so much froth could have been held in so small a coach. Is there a prettier sight to be seen than these marvellously-packed beauties—these living tricks of the hat full of feathers, these balloon girls—to watch the pink toe point daintily to the ground, and, happen, be granted one short glimpse of an ankle tightly laced in satin, to gaze after the vapourish vision and wish Mrs. Colonel Merrimac had taken pity on a bachelor and requested your pleasure to wait with the pink toe.

It is a known fact that girls can get very tipsy on green tea. At parties green tea is always served, because it is considered to be a good commencement of an evening to see the girls giggling. That cloakroom, where these pretty, foaming creatures retire to sip their intoxicating gunpowder and see if their dresses are crumpled, are heartless places of business and opposed to romance, where the twiddling of wreaths, the buttoning of gloves, and perhaps the borrowing of pins, take place. Never care to peep round the corner, young man, but hasten up stairs, arranging a neat compliment for the giver of the feast, who awaits your approach with a welcome.

The Colonel's lady is all smiles, and her eyes twinkle as if her brain were a heaven of delight and two stars shining; but what the dear lady suffers no one can tell. Not ten minutes since she heard a crash—a sharp, crisp, crash, as of the best glass ruined. Neither has Gunter fulfilled his promises, and a heart-breaking fear haunts her that the green trays have been carried to the wrong party. With all the plate out and so many strange men in the house, how can she get the silver épergnes off her mind! Yet her face is as serene as a bubbling spring reflecting the moonlight, and she twitters cheerful welcomes to all who approach.

An evening party is an ungrateful gathering; it is a sacrifice made to people who are dressed so nicely they consider their coming a compliment. Fine feathers make the birds proud and pompous. Jolly Jack, who before dinner was as convivial as a successful speculator, now yields to the tightness of his dress coat, and is as stiff as his white cravat. Pretty Lucy, who at four was romping with the baby, is now afraid to move, for fear her hair should play tricks, and—she doesn't know why—is as cross as Pa settling bills. Before the fête is the glory-time for the giver of the entertainment; but, as the last guest departs, and the extinguishing of wax-lights begins, she is forgotten. Her reward lies in invitations to come. She is speculating in the rout exchange-market, and will, perhaps, gain on the season's time bargain.

The music bursts forth; D'Albert's last valse sets the wretched heads and satin toes beating time; the faces look pleasanter, and the eyes twinkle. Few have the courage to join in the early dancing, and those who do so move as primly as at a lesson. Lounging and chatting is the preferred amusement, in the retired shade of curtains out of sight of mamma and sisters, away from all observation, as Charles imagines, whilst leaning over Marion's shoulders, and enjoying the breeze of her fast-moving fan; but upon the blind behind the bright lights throw a sharp shadow, and the urchins outside are joking and cheering the amorous *embrace chinoise*.

Before supper a ball-room is dead, flat, inanimate as a fashion-plate; the dresses are there, and that is all. Do you imagine Miss Augusta Grenville would for one moment allow the adoring Horace to call her his Gussy before Moët had softened her heart? The sparkling liquid poured from the black bottle oils the hinges on which her heart opens; and though she cannot but think him bold she doesn't object to the endearment, and wonders whether he is serious. The most sudden change I know of in the harlequinade of life is that from the elaborate propriety of before-supper people to the benign tolerance and indulgent unbending which a refreshing repast has magically called forth. Remain in the drawing-room whilst the others—frigid, ceremonious creatures—silently pair off to the sumptuous feast. At first, a hum of voices and a clatter of plates is heard; for some ten minutes the knives and forks sound louder than the voices, until the reports of liberated corks are heard, as if pleasure were dwelling with dulness. You need not wait long now for signs of merry life below. A laugh rings out crisp and earnest—that is a girl's giggle. A fuller and a more highly-flavoured rousade is next heard, a burst of mirth that rose from behind a double chin—that is a mamma's indulgence. The moment the mamma's yield to treatment, that moment their pretty children crumple up their cheeks and show their white teeth. They have been long waiting to be allowed to be jolly without being considered forward or leached for being vulgar. Now the laughter is in full-throated violence; it is like being over a birdseller's shop to listen to it. You laugh yourself, and bless the vineyards of champagne for giving freedom to such pretty music.

I, for myself, like the old-fashioned sit-down-to supper fashions, and in my heart despise the new buffet innovation; but then I am getting old, and have lost my figure; and, I will frankly confess it, a well-arranged supper-table commands my sympathy. But, for the young ones who have their courting before them and all its happiness to enjoy, I will admit that the higgledy-piggledy confusion of squeezing on the stairs, and creeping into corners, and picnicing in out-of-the-way places, must have many delights, the strangeness of the situation being conducive to warm declarations and earnest

conversations about nothing—those amusing fencing-bouts with love in which the thoughts unspoken are the only ones that are understood.

It is a pretty sight to watch a woman eating. They have been taught the art at their school. They must not move the mouth, as rabbits do; they must nibble, like mice. It is also pretty to watch a woman drinking. The tongue, seen through the glass, looks so pink, and the teeth so white, no artist could render them; whilst the gurgling of the full throat is charming, especially if a string of pearls encircle it. Every evening party ought to end in half a dozen weddings. Champagne is still the elixir of love.

A. M.

N.B. I have just been told that my theory of turning night into day is the most iniquitous attempt ever suggested by an educated man for ruining the public morality. I hasten to withdraw my views and to substitute the others. In atonement, I will be called, for a week to come, at four o'clock a.m., and try to like it.

AWFUL EXPLOSION AT LIVERPOOL.

AN appalling noise, accompanied by a shock which made the houses tremble, was heard at Liverpool on Friday evening week at 7.20, and caused general alarm. It was not the roar of artillery; it was a convulsion more like the combination of an earthquake and a distant thunder-clap. At least, so it appeared to residents in the upper part of the town. Lower down and near the Exchange the detonation and convulsion were most alarming. A few seconds after the shock frightened people could be seen at every door endeavouring to ascertain the cause of it; the gas in the streets had been extinguished, and every corner had its knot of dismayed people inquiring what had happened. A person residing in the suburbs states that on going out he met a boy who calmly told him he supposed a ship which had been on fire in the river had blown up. Next he was informed that the house of the "British Merchant" in Bedford-street had been destroyed by a gas explosion. Encountering an oysterman, he asked him, and was told that there had been an awful flash of lightning and clap of thunder, and that the electric fluid had played round the rim of his basket and frightened him very much. He then came to a policeman, surrounded by a crowd eager for information, but he was as ignorant as the inquirers. Proceeding towards town, he found the streets crowded with people. Every person was asking his or her neighbour for information; but few, if any, seemed to have a correct idea of what had occurred. Everywhere the ground was covered with fragments of glass. The shops by this time were being again lighted up; but the streets were in partial darkness, and it was difficult to tread your way through the concourse of people. But now persons coming up from the landing-stage spread the news that the barque Lottie Sleigh had blown up in the river. This vessel, which belongs to Messrs. Hatton and Cookson, and was bound for Africa, was taking in powder from the magazine-boats off Tranmere, and had already stowed away eleven tons, when, about six p.m., as the steward was engaged in the cabin trimming the lamps with paraffin oil, some of it exploded and ignited the captain's bed-curtains. Prompt measures were taken to suppress the flames, but they had already attained the mastery. The knowledge that so much gunpowder was on board doubtless, to some extent, paralysed the exertions of the crew. At length, despairing of success, they gathered together whatever they could lay their hands on, and were taken off by the passing Rock ferry-boat Wasp and landed at the small stage. The magazine-boat also cleared off. A dog was left on board, which howled dismally. By this time the flames had spread all over the vessel, and the news was circulated on the pierheads that the vessel would soon blow up. Hundreds of persons awaited the event, not, however, without much trepidation. When the explosion did come off the spectators were panic-stricken, and rushed frantically off the stage and pierheads. And yet the Lottie Sleigh was at least a mile distant. The night being dark the explosion was all the more brilliant, the flames rising to a great height. In the glare could be seen the spars and fragments of the vessel upheaved. Suddenly darkness settled upon the scene, and nothing more could be observed from the shore. The force of the explosion may be imagined when we mention that bolts and fragments of the ship were hurled into Tranmere. It is even believed that the shock of the explosion was felt even so far off as Birmingham and other places. It is, however, a remarkable fact that at Bromborough and Eastham, on the Cheshire side, and nearer the vessel, the explosion was unnoticed. At Rock Ferry the shock was comparatively slight. The residents in Fulwood Park, on the Lancashire side, nearly opposite Tranmere, remained ignorant of what had happened. At Birkenhead the damage to glass was immense. Liverpool and its outskirts will afford work for many hundreds of glaziers for weeks to come. Perhaps Birkenhead suffered more severely from the explosion than any other place. The houses in Hamilton-square had a great part of their windows blown in. At Gough's Hotel a great number of panes were broken. The windows of Mr. Rigby, wine and spirit merchant, nearly opposite, were blown out, along with the stock which was displayed in them. An iron bolt from the ship fell through the roof of a house in Sydney-street, and three children narrowly escaped injury. In North-street a long bar of iron also fell through a roof, occasioning some damage. Other fragments fell on the landing-stage and piers. The cabin windows of the Woodside ferry-boat Cheshire were all broken. The glass roof to the landing-stage bridges was much injured. The windows of the Monks Ferry Hotel suffered very much. Tranmere, opposite which place the Lottie Sleigh was lying, did not suffer as much as might have been anticipated, although the destruction of glass was very considerable. A piece of the anchor-stock of the vessel is said to have fallen on board the Tranmere ferry-boat Birkenhead, doing very slight damage. At Seacombe, Egremont, and along the Cheshire shore to the mouth of the river many windows were broken. On the Lancashire side perhaps Messrs. Urquhart's premises, in Bold-street, suffered most. Four large plate-glass panes, valued at £60, fell into the street, wounding, it is said, a woman who was passing. Numerous other cases of damage are reported, and the injury done to property must be enormous. Some of the large plate glass windows in the Exchange newsrooms were blown in, one piece of glass falling into the room. In Berry-street and Great George-street the shock was severely felt, and much damage done. The Custom House had all the glass in the south front broken. The altar-window of St. George's Church was cracked. From the north, south, east, and west portions of the town accounts have been received of serious damage. Fortunately, few, if any, cases of personal injury were sustained. It is stated that the insurance offices are not liable for the damage to property under the terms of their policies; but the directors of the Royal Insurance Company have come to the determination of making good the loss suffered by their insurers; and it is hoped that the example set by the Royal will be followed by other offices.

But few fragments of the Lottie Sleigh have as yet been discovered. A portion of her broadside was found at low water on the Devil's Bank, opposite the Osburg Dock; whilst several pieces of the masts, spars, &c., were strewn on the shore between Seacombe and New Brighton. The tail and hind legs of a dog, supposed to be the one which was on board the ship when she blew up, were found on the beach near Tranmere.

On Tuesday evening a public meeting was held in Birkenhead, in order that those persons who had suffered by the explosion might consider the best means for procuring compensation. After considerable discussion, during which the liability of insurance companies and other agents to afford compensation was canvassed, it was ultimately agreed, in order to test the feasibility of the various propositions, and as a guide for future action, that a letter of application for compensation for damages sustained by Mr. Wright, of Birkenhead, be sent to his insurance office; that another be sent to the landlord of Mr. Williams, of Birkenhead, requesting him to put his house in a tenable condition; and that a third letter be sent to the owners of the Lottie Sleigh, requesting them to compensate Mr. Fox, of Birkenhead, for damage done to his premises.

NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE COMMITTEE.

THE following appeared in the daily papers of Wednesday last:—

The undersigned, feeling it incumbent upon them to withdraw from the National Shakespeare Committee, are desirous of stating their reasons for doing so.

Their strong anxiety that a national tribute to our greatest poet should be worthy of its object, and their equally strong conviction that those who have assumed the direction of the movement do not comprehend, and therefore will not satisfy, the expectations of the nation, compel them to take the unpleasant step of separating themselves from gentlemen with whom they have endeavoured to co-operate.

Without dwelling upon the irregular and unbusiness-like character of the proceedings of the executive body, the undersigned complain that more than half a year has been wasted in procuring a list of names which would have been given in, without solicitation, had a practical and worthy scheme been laid before the public.

It was not until December last that the question of the site of the proposed memorial was referred to a sub-committee for consideration, and the all-important question of the nature of the memorial was not taken up until the present month.

At this moment, within little more than three months from the 23rd of April, the committee is as ignorant as the public where the memorial is to be placed, and what it is to be. That a monument worthy of Shakespeare, and to be reared by the united energies of the three kingdoms and the fifty colonies, can be devised, discussed, and accepted by the country within a few weeks, is an idea too absurd to be entertained by a nation of practical men who hold Shakespeare in befitting reverence.

Had the executive a due appreciation of their task, it might have been possible to arrange some pleasant celebration for the 23rd of April, while taking time to consider the question of memorial with the care it demands; but the executive, having wasted so much time, are now endeavouring to hurry matters, and in order to do so have obtained leave to take a step which must deprive the memorial of a national character.

The general committee, after showing its estimate of its executive by rejecting a draught report prepared and improperly put into circulation by that body as the report of the committee, followed up what was in effect a vote of censure by appointing a sub-committee to prepare another document to be issued to the public. This sub-committee unanimously decided that it would be premature to address the public until the site and memorial committees should have reported. It was agreed that it would be absurd to make such an appeal in the absence of a definite object.

On Monday last this report was presented to a meeting of the general committee, and was approved by it.

The general committee, after it had thus decided that it was in no condition to address the nation, having no information to communicate, was induced to stultify that decision by voting that the public should be appealed to, and, moreover, that it should be asked for a definite sum. It had occurred to somebody that the memorial ought to cost £30,000, and that this notion should be presented to the nation, which, however, was to be at liberty to give more if it pleased, and was to be assured that any surplus should be laid out philanthropically.

This final blunder, the conclusion of a series, appears to the undersigned to be fatal. They are, therefore, compelled to withdraw from co-operation in a scheme which, as at present managed, must end in discredit and failure, and draw down universal contempt upon English professions of reverence for Shakespeare.

Tom Taylor, Theodore Martin, Shirley Brooks, J. S. Brewer, T. Duffus Hardy, Thomas Walker, Robert Bell, C. L. Grunesen, Hain Friswell.

A MEMORIAL-STONE of white Carrara marble, elaborately carved in the Gothic style, is about to be erected in Addington Church, Surrey, to perpetuate the memory of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. The stone bears the following inscription:—"To the memory of John Bird Sumner, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury, consecrated Bishop of Chester, 1828, translated to Canterbury, 1848; died Sept. 6, 1862, in the 83rd year of his age."

FORESTERS' ASYLUM.—One of the most influential of the friendly societies, the Foresters, has just taken an important step. A meeting of its members was held in St. James's Hall on Saturday evening last, to consider the propriety of establishing an asylum for aged and decayed members of the order. There was some slight opposition to the proposal, on the ground that it would be better to give annuities than to expend money on a building. The proposal to found an asylum was carried by an overwhelming majority, and a committee was formed to carry the plan into execution.

ANOTHER NEW BARRACKS AT CHELSEA.—The Right Hon. the Earl De Grey and Ripon, Secretary of State for War, has decided to appropriate the extensive plot of land which adjoins the Hospital for Pensioners at Chelsea to a new barracks for one of the regiments of the Household Brigade of Cavalry. The land on which the barracks will be erected is directly opposite the new and handsome buildings which have been built for and recently occupied by the Guards, and covers an area of about sixteen acres. The barracks will be very commodious, and, as no efforts will be spared in the erection of the quarters for the soldiers to introduce all the modern improvements of the day into them, the new buildings will quite equal, in point of comfort and accommodation, those just entered on by the Guards. As soon as the necessary arrangements have been made the works will be commenced.

THE CONFEDERATE CRUISER FLORIDA.—This vessel of war has completed her reparations and alterations at Brest, and is now ready to put to sea. Her recent trial-trip was most satisfactory, and she is reported to be in a high state of efficiency. Captain Maurice Richard, her new commander, has waited on the Vice-Admiral of the port and other local authorities to take official leave of them, and no doubt the Florida will sail shortly. The Keersage, Federal frigate, still mounts guard outside the port of Brest, and a fight is looked forward to with considerable certainty. Captain Richard expresses himself confident of being able to give a good account of himself and his ship, and has, it is stated, written to the Federal commander that he is prepared to accept a combat with him outside the limits of French waters.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.—The Victoria Cross has been conferred upon two soldiers in connection with the New Zealand war. One was Sergeant M'Kenna, of the 65th Regiment, who, when all the commissioned officers of his small detachment were killed or wounded by the fire of the enemy, assumed the command, broke through a greatly superior force of the enemy, and brought off the survivors with little further loss. Mr. M'Kenna has also been promoted to the rank of an Ensign for the same gallant action. The other decoration is conferred on Lance-Corporal Ryan, of the same regiment, who, with two privates, watched over and ultimately brought in the body of Captain Swift, who was mortally wounded in the affair. The two privates have also been recommended for the decoration.

TUNNEL UNDER LAKE MICHIGAN.—A contract for the construction of a tunnel, extending some two miles under Lake Michigan, at Chicago, for the purpose of supplying the city with pure water, has been awarded; the lowest bid for completing the tunnel being \$15,130,000. The contract is for a tunnel of five feet internal diameter, lined with brick. The tunnel is to be excavated thirty-five feet below the bed of the lake, and to have four feet of dip landwards. Strainers will be fixed over the outlet to keep out the fish. The total area of the tunnel will be nearly twenty square feet, an area amply large enough to furnish water continuously to a city five or six times the size of Chicago in the present day.

WASHINGTON IRVING AND THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—In the fourth and last volume of the "Life and Letters of Washington Irving," just issued, is a letter, in which Irving writes:—"Louis Napoleon and Eugénie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France!—one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson; the other whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada! It seems to cap the climax of the strange dramas of which Paris has been the theatre during my lifetime. The last I saw of Eugénie Montijo she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid, and she and her giddy circle had swept away my charming young friend, the beautiful and accomplished—into their career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugénie is upon a throne, and—she is a voluntary recluse in a pavilion of one of the most rigorous orders. Poor—! Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happiest of the two. 'The storm' with her 'is over and she's at rest'; but the other is launched from a 'returnless shore on a dangerous sea infatuated for its tremendous shipwreck.'"

LIFE-BOAT EXPENSES.—During the year which has just closed the National Life-boat Institution has incurred the following expenses on either additional new life-boat stations or the replacing of old boats, transporting, carriages, and boat-houses by new ones—viz.:—Berwick-on-Tweed, £340; Filey, £267; Bridlington, £340; Bakeney, £196; Thorpesen, £240; Hastings, £196; Eastbourne, £255; Teignmouth, £274; Sennen, £240; Bude, £222; Pembrey, £203; Cardigan, £198; Southdown, £273; Lytham, £313; Fleetwood, £161; and Arklow, £204. The society has also expended on the repairs, stores, painting, alterations, and inspection of the numerous life-boats, boat-houses, and transporting-carriages, and spare life-boats and carriages, £6815 14s. 10d.; and £2441 9s. 10d. for coxswains' salaries and exercising the crews of its life-boats; making altogether a total of £13,819 3s. 2d. The National Life-boat Institution has also granted, during the same period, £1351 6s. 4d. as rewards for saving, by its life-boats and other means, 714 persons from a large number of shipwrecks on our coasts; a most satisfactory result, and clearly showing how much can be accomplished by the well-directed efforts which the Institution has brought to bear on this humane work. The society has now 125 life-boats under its management. Each of these establishments requires about £50 a year to keep it in an effective state. Again, the cost of a complete life-boat station is about £600, including the expense of the life-boat and the equipment, transporting, carriage, and boat-house. The operations of the Life-boat Institution now extend all over the coasts of the British Isles. To maintain and perpetuate these operations is a matter of earnest and constant solicitude to the committee. They have incurred a great responsibility, but they do not shrink from it; and are determined, with the continued sympathy and liberality of the British public, to leave no effort untried that can in any way tend to lessen the fearful annual loss of life from shipwrecks on our coast.

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